Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

Habit-forming Medicines.

Whatever may be the fact as to many of the so-called patent medicines containing injurious ingredients as broadly published in some journals of more or less influence, this publicity has certainly been of great benefit in arousing needed attention to this subject. It has, in a considerable measure, resulted in the most intelligent people avoiding such foods and medicines as may be fairly suspected of containing the injurious ingredients complained of. Recognizing this fact some time ago, Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., "took time by the forelock," as it were, and published broadcast all the ingredients of which his popular medicines are composed. Thus he has completely forestalled all harping critics and all opposition that might otherwise be urged against his medicines, because they are now OF KNOWN COMPOSITION. Furthermore, from the formula printed on every bottle wrapper, it will be seen that these medicines contain no alcohol or other habit-forming drugs. Neither do they contain any narcotics or injurious agents, their ingredients being purely vegetable, extracted from the roots of medicinal plants found growing in the depths of our American forests and of well recognized curative virtues.

Instead of alcohol, which even in small portions long continued, as in obstinate cases of diseases, becomes highly objectionable from its tendency to produce a craving for stimulants, Dr. Pierce employs chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine, which of itself is a valuable remedy in many cases of chronic diseases, being a superior demulcent, antiseptic, antiferment and supporting nutritive. It enhances the curative action of the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Black Cherrybark and Bloodroot, contained in "Golden Medical Discovery," in all bronchial, throat and lung affections attended with severe coughs. As will be seen from the writings of the eminent Drs. Grover Coe, of New York; Bartholow, of Jefferson Medical College, Phila.; Scudder, of Cincinnati; Ellingwood, of Chicago; Hale, of Chicago, and others, who stand as leaders in their several schools of practice, the foregoing agents are *the very best* ingredients that Dr. Pierce could have chosen to make up his famous "Discovery" for the cure of not only bronchial, throat and lung affections, but also of chronic catarrh in all its various forms wherever located.

MUSIC AND SHORTHAND.

Two Lines of Work That Are Particularly Bad For the Eyes.

A St. Louis oculist, chatting with friends about the ins and outs of his profession, said that there were two lines of work which for professional reasons both the oculist and the optician would be glad to see widely encouraged. One is music, particularly piano playing.

"Have you ever noticed," said he, "that the pianist's head as he sits upright at the piano is generally almost three feet from the music? He reads at long range. This of itself is bad, involving as it does a continual strain upon the eyes. If the pianist only sat still, however, the case would not be so bad, but very few do. In executing difficult passages or extended scales they sway first to one side, then to the other, sometimes a foot in each direction, lean back six inches, then toward the music, all the time keeping their eyes fixed upon the notes, and during all the changes of distance and direction the delicate mechanism of the eye is constantly seeking to adjust itself to the distance so as to obtain the clearest possible image of the notes. The result is, of course, an overstrain, and it is a common thing when the practice hour is over to see the musician rub his eyes and to hear him remark that music is bad for the eyes, anyhow. It is not good, indeed, for, although in ordinary piano sheet music the notes are large enough, the signs of expression are often so small as to cause an effort to see them properly, and, besides, much piano playing, particularly of the standard classics, is done from small size editions, which are to be had at much cheaper rates than sheet music.

"Shorthand work and typewriting are as bad for the eyes in their way as music. Most stenographers write with a medium pencil and in small characters. The dots and dashes are thus hard to decipher and themselves strain the eyes. Then comes the transcription, which is worse. If stenographers would only learn to use a typewriter as a pianist does the keyboard—that, is, to write without looking at the keys—the eye strain would not be so severe, but very few of them acquire this degree of confidence and proficiency, so the focus of the eye is always changing, first reading the notes, then looking back and forth over the keys, then looking at the typewritten page and repeating those processes all day long until the wonder is not that their eyes are bad, but that they don't go stone blind. If pianists would learn to sit still while they are playing and stenographers would acquire the art of using a typewriter without looking at the keys, the demands on the time of the oculist and the services of the optician would be lessened very materially, but as it is these two classes are a great help both to the specialists and to the man that makes spectacles, furnishing more business than any one would suppose who is not in the profession."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Tombstone Lunch.

The waiter in the indigestion dispensary, towel in hand, gazed with reflective eye at a convalescent victim consuming a mid-light repast of lemonade and an egg sandwich, and entertained his spectative mind thus: "If I was a kid again, I'd go to college and learn to be a doctor, even if I did have to work my way through. 'Cause why? Well, there's more money and respectability, to say nothing of peace of mind, in curing dyspepsia than in making it. See what the gent's eating? Well, that ain't a fair sample. Some of 'em comes in here and orders lobster salad and chocolate, and for dessert they pull out a little box and eat a dyspepsia tablet. I used to have a young feller come in every night and eat what he called a tombstone lunch. It was a Welsh rabbit made on mince pie instead of toast. He don't come any more, though. He's dead."—Philadelphia Record.

The Baron's Order.

A worthy Welsh baronet, a member of one of the parliaments of William IV., was asked by one of his constituents who chanced to be in town at the time for an order of admission into the house. With his characteristic disposition to oblige, Sir —— immediately complied with the request and wrote an order in the usual terms and addressed it thus: "To the Door Keeper of the House of Kommons." The person for whom it was intended discovered the errors in the spelling after he had gone ten or twelve yards from the worthy baronet and, turning back and running up to him, said: "Oh, Sir ——, there is a slight mistake in your order. Two letters have been transposed. You have spelled 'keeper' with a C instead of a K and 'commons' with a K instead of a C." "That's all right," was the answer. "The doorkeeper will see to it. He is sure to know which is which."

Washington's Advice.

Here is a bit of advice given by George Washington on Jan. 15, 1873, to his young nephew, of whom he was very fond:

"Be courteous to all, but intimate with few, and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation. Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one and let your hand give in proportion to your purse, remembering always the estimation of the widow's mite. Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men any more than that fine feathers make fine birds. A plain suit is more admired and obtains more credit than lace and embroidery in the eyes of the judicious and sensible."

Persistent.

A middle aged man stopped at the suhpostoffice in the north end and asked if there was anything for the Murphys.

"No, there is not," said the man at the window.

"Anything for Jane Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Anne Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Bob Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Terry?"

"No, nor for Pat nor for Dennis nor Pete nor Matt nor Edward Murphy. There is nothing for any Murphy, dead, living or unborn, native or foreign, civilized or savage, male or female, black or white, franchised or disfranchised. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Murphys, either individually, collectively, severally, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The little man on the outside of the window looked amazed and then in a persuasive voice said, "Please look and see if there is anything for P. J. Murphy."—Columbus Dispatch.

Almost a Miracle.

A good hearted curate who firmly believed that God was continually working miracles to enable him to help the needy and who seldom had a coin in his pocket, though he was never devoid of the fire of charity in his heart, was accosted one day by a beggar woman. He pleaded utter lack of money and sadly turned aside, but on the mendicant beseeching him to search his pockets he hopelessly put his hand in one and, to his amazement and joy, found a five shilling piece there.

"Another of God's miracles," he exclaimed, and then, addressing the woman: "This coin belongs to you of right. Take it and go in peace." Having told the story a few hours later to his worldly minded vicar and suggested that they should both go down on their knees and render thanks to God, a strange unpleasant light suddenly broke on the mind of the shrewd pastor, who exclaimed in accents not suggestive of thanksgiving, "Good Lord, are those my breeches that you've on you?"—Contemporary Review.

No Coat For Nineteen Years.

During the journey from Victoria falls to Kimberley a big, arm browned man boarded the Zambezi express minus his coat, with his shirt sleeves rolled up. He took a seat at dinner, and the chief steward remarked to him that as there were ladies present perhaps he would have no objection to putting on his coat. "Great Scott," the man replied, "I haven't worn a coat for nineteen years. You will have to wait, my friend, until I can buy one at Kimberley."—South African Railway Magazine.

Bigger the Steal, Smaller the Crime.

The Manx law of old times had many oddities, but none, surely, quainter than to make the greater the crime the less, because of the impossibility, within the narrow limits of the Isle of Man, that the bigger thief should be successful.

"If a man steal a horse or an ox," so ran the law, "it is no felony, for the offender cannot hide them; but if he steal a capon or a pig, he shall be hanged."

Homeric Symbol.

You know the fine picture in Homer of the dead leaves which fall to make place for the young buds. It is as true of men as of trees; we have our time and pass away. Behind our vanished youth germinates the youth of others. Our children's destiny ought not to be dulled by what there has been in ours. —Revue des Deux Mondes.

A Lover.

"Is that baby strong?"

"Well, I should say so! He raised the whole family out of bed at 3 o'clock this morning, and scientists say that that's the hour when everybody's strength is at its lowest point."—London Answers.

Giving It Away.

The Young Man—Dicky, you think a good deal of your sister, don't you? Dicky—Entertaining him. You bet! So does ma and pa. She's been in the family mighty near forty years.—Chicago Tribune.

An obstinate fruit stain can generally be removed by holding the spot over the fumes of sulphur.

L. K. Hogarth

Special Sale

—OF—

Hand-Painted CHINA.

to reduce large stock will have special sale on

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY.

. . 20 per cent off . .

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist

Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc.

Your patronage is solicited.

IF YOU WANT ANYTHING IN

PHOTOGRAPHY

Go to GLEASON'S

Everything the latest and up-to-date. The most complete line of picture moulding ever shown in town. 100 varieties to select from. Call and see them.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa

SHORT TALKS BY L. T. COOPER.

CONSTIPATION.

SAMUEL BOOREN.

I can tell a person who is constipated on sight. Their complexion is pasty or yellow. Their eyes are dull, and they look and feel sleepy. No wonder they do. The bowels are a sewer. They carry away the poisonous refuse. If they dont act the poisonous matter is absorbed by the body, and headaches, dullness, bad complexion and eventually serious troubles result.

There is no better rule for good health than that the bowels should move every day at the same hour if possible. Regularity can be acquired by making a habit of this. Foolish people neglect this and when chronic constipation effects them they take pills every few days to force the bowels to perform their natural function. As years go on they require more and more pills. This should be stopped. Cooper's New Discovery will build up the stomach and cause the bowels to act naturally. While taking the medicine get the habit of regularity, then gradually stop taking the medicine.

Here is a sample of letters from those who have tried it:

"For sixteen years I have suffered from stomach and liver trouble, and chronic constipation. I had frequent headaches and always felt tired and worn out. I heard of Cooper's New Discovery and began its use. After I had finished one bottle I was wonderfully improved. Constipation gave way to a pleasing regularity of the bowels and I ate better, slept better and felt better than I had for months. It is the greatest medicine I have ever known." Samuel Booren. 1742 Munsey Ave., Scranton Pa.

Our customers who have used them say the Cooper medicines do the work. We sell them.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE.

THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

Best for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Etc.

BEE'S LAXATIVE

No Opiates, Conforms to National Pure Food and Drug Law.

CONTAINING **HONEY AND TAR**

All cough syrups containing opiates constipate the bowels. Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar moves the bowels and contains no opiates.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, by U. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

THE BIG STORE.

If your lights are not satisfactory try our new Inverted Gas Light for $1.25 complete.

Also a full line of

Mantles Globes Burners Drop Lights

Stoves, Ranges, China and Glassware.

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Mar. 28, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Fair next week.

—Don't overlook the new ad for H. W. Rublu to-day.

—Easter Finery is the subject of a new ad for Fry & Comes in this issue.

—Triplets were recently born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Paulson of Griffith, this county.

—An unknown vandal has been stealing communson wine from the Episcopal church at Condersport.

—Don't fail to see the basket ball game at the Lyceum to-night between the Portville and Smethport teams. They are evenly matched and a good game is promised.

—Remember the meeting of the W. C. T. U. Wednesday, April 3, at 2:30 p. m., in the M. E. chapel. There is business that needs attention and a good attendance is desired.

—Ernest Y. Bouman, assistant cashier of the Citizens National bank of Tionesta, has been committed to the Forest county jail on the charge of misappropriating funds. He is short $30,000 in his accounts.

—In addition to the services at 9 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. on Good Friday, 29th, at St. Luke's, there will be the Preaching of the Cross from 12 m. to 3 p. m. The service will consist of short sermons on the Seven Sayings from the Cross, with prayers, silent devotions and congregational singing of the old, well known hymns. A general invitation is given to this service. There will be a Children's service, with the Story of the Cross, at 4 p. m.

—An order has been issued by the postmaster general providing new regulations governing the size, form and weight of private post cards entering the mails. Such post cards must be made of an unfolded piece of cardboard not exceeding three and nine-sixteenths inches, nor less than two and three-fourths by four inches. They must in form and in quality and weight of paper be substantially like the government post card. They may be of any color, not interfering with a legible address and post-mark. Very thin sheets of paper may be attached to them on [illegible]

"Ducks and Drakes."

The origin of the common saying "Making ducks and drakes with one's money" is attributed to a game described in the words of an old writer as "a kind of sport or play with an oister shell or stone thrown into water and making circles yer it sinke." If the stone emerges once, it is a duck; if it emerges more than once, the game proceeds according to the following rhyme:

1, 2, A duck and a drake;
3, And a halfpenny cake;
4, And a penny to pay the old baker;
5, A hop an a scotch
Is another notch;
6, Sittherum, slatherum! Take her!

The game is evidently the same as that played even today by every boy who has access to a pond or a quiet river when he tries to make a smooth stone skip along the surface of the water. Its connection with the popular phrase is, of course, only a metaphorical one to indicate heedlessness in the use of money.

"To the Bitter End."

One of the most interesting phases of the study of language is the peculiar manner in which words and phrases originating in mistakes finally grow into the common speech of the people. An instance of this is the expression "to the bitter end," which is commonly used to denote the final extremity of a crisis. Although perfectly proper today, it is in reality a mistake. The correct phrase is "to the better end" and arose from the fact that when a vessel has paid out all her cable in a storm it has run out to the end which has been little used and therefore to the better end. Daniel Defoe uses the proper phrase in "Robinson Crusoe" in his description of the storm at Yarmouth when he says, "We rode with two anchors ahead and the cables veered out to the better end."

Romance of the Cigar.

A bride of a year ago gave her husband a box of long, lean and sickly looking cigars for a birthday present. The man smelled them, looked at the label and then, with tears in his eyes, said: "I cannot bear to smoke your present. I will keep them always as a token of your love." His wife was so touched that she went down town and ordered three boxes of the same brand and had them charged to her husband. When she gave them to him she said: "Here, dear; these are not a present. Smoke them and enjoy them."—Topeka State Journal.

Every one knows that Spring is the season of the year when the system needs cleaning. Dade's Little Liver Pills are [illegible] recommended. [illegible]

Headache

Can be cured only by a remedy that will remove the cause.

The oftener you stop it with headache powders or pills the quicker will it return.

Generally, headache comes from a disturbed stomach or irregular bowels, and almost invariably

Lane's Family Medicine

(a tonic laxative) will cure headache in short order by regulating the bowels and reinvigorating the stomach.

It is a great blood medicine and the favorite laxative of old and young.

At druggists', 25c. and 50c.

In the treatment of piles it becomes necessary to have the remedy put up in such a form that it can be applied to the parts affected. Man Zan Pile remedy is encased in a collapsible tube with nozzle attached. It cannot help but reach the spot. Relieves blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles. 50 cents with nozzle guaranteed. Try it. Sold by Dr Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy Smethport, Pa. U. A. Anderson, Colegrove [illegible]

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS. FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES,

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's Ice Cream Soda

[illegible] and try it.

Cinderella to Date.

By HELEN MAXFIELD.

Copyright, 1900, by May McKeon.

"I suppose you have read in the papers—if you have time to think about anything except yourself—that the Westfield bank is wrecked. They have arrested Mr. Hartley and Mr. Manners, but that does not help the rest of us. In a short time I presume I shall be on the county. If you had married Dan Martin, as I wanted you to do, I should not be facing this terrible situation, but you always were headstrong, and my whole life has been sacrificed to the effort to raise you as your dear dead mother would have had me. Even now Dan is willing to forgive your folly and marry you. He will have the house all done over, and his sister will go to John's to live, and there will be only Dan and you and me."

The letter covered five closely written pages, and Annabel read it through twice with firmly set lips and dry eyes. Then very deliberately she put on her coat, hat and gloves and went out for a long walk in the snowy park, where motor cars filled with fur clad figures flew past and laughing children pelted her with harmless balls of feathery whiteness. It was a glorious day, and when she came back to her dingy hall room she was smiling, and the hard lines had faded from her face. Then she wrote her answer:

My Dear Aunt Molly—I am so grieved to hear of the bank wreck. I had not read of it in the papers, because we have been enjoying the privilege of some special instruction under Professor —— of New York, and I have been working at the academy night and day. Perhaps the bank receivers may save something, and in the meantime you must not worry. I will have the store deeded to you, and the rent will more than keep your house going, and each week I will send you some of my earnings. I am inclosing a money order for $25 that I happen to have in hand. Have Mr. Gregory arrange the transfer of the store property. As to Mr. Martin, please do not urge that upon me again. I still feel that I have some right to happiness, and I know it will never come to me through Dan Martin.

Not one word of reproach, no reminders of a dun colored childhood and a dreary girlhood, spent under nagging of the most trying sort; no reference to the fact that her own patrimony had gone under with her aunt's small fortune in the bank wreck; no intimation that she had sent almost her last dollar in the money order and must now drop her art studies and seek a position in the workaday world. She smiled grimly as she mailed the letter. Her aunt would accept the sacrifice and wail to Dan Martin over Annabel's lack of appreciation.

Dan Martin! How she hated every inch of his undersized person, his small beady eyes, his perpetual smile, his weak, receding chin! She mailed the letter with a strange feeling of independence achieved, for now she had paid to her own satisfaction the debt of gratitude imposed by her aunt, which had hung over her young life like a pall. She was free now to work out her own happiness.

But for the next week happiness seemed to move farther and farther away. In later years she never thought of those days without shuddering.

The holidays were over. Nobody wanted to hire clerks or buy illuminated cards or telephone records or any of the pretty things she painted. The room rent was again due. She might sell her few casts and painting outfit. She set her lips firmly and climbed the stairs to a fashionable employment agency. The manager was sitting at the telephone when Annabel entered. She hung up the receiver with an impatient frown.

"What do you want—a position as governess or companion? Nothing like that in view; a hundred applicants for every position. Oh, wait a minute! You look bright. Can you do manicuring and dress hair a bit and mend laces? If you can do it even halfway, I wish you'd try this place. I've sent the customer a dozen girls, and they always part after a terrible scene. The woman's a crank, but you look as if you had tact."

The upshot was that Annabel, with 23 cents in her purse and a notice of rent due under the door of her hall room, went to see Mrs. Cartwright Brown, and that highly strung personage said with dissatisfaction and suspicion in her voice that she would give the girl a trial.

The Cartwright Browns were newly rich. The father had made an enormous fortune through his own efforts and was proud of it. The mother was so burdened by it that she was on the verge of nervous prostration. Annabel saw it was nerves and not temper and took heart. Later she learned that there were a son and a daughter away at college who were just a little ashamed of their new riches.

Nobody, Annabel least of all, knew how it happened, but she became the virtual head of the Cartwright Brown household. Mrs. Brown vowed that she could hire a visiting manicurist and hairdresser, but no one could stand between her and domestic and social worries as Annabel could.

It was Annabel who reorganized the staff of servants and installed a competent housekeeper. It was Annabel who had the conservatories brought up to date, Annabel who made out congenial dinner lists, Annabel who conferred with Mrs. Brown's modiste and Mr. Brown's tailor, Annabel who shipped smart, suitable clothing and room furnishings to two colleges.

Annabel's position in the household was peculiar. She was neither housekeeper nor private secretary—just "Miss Annabel." She did not receive with Mrs. Brown on Wednesday afternoons, but she did join the family occasionally at the theater or in viewing art exhibitions. And it was after one of these rare occasions that she realized the full extent of her happiness. She had been hunting congenial work, not an art career. She knew now that her small talent for drawing had offered her only an excuse for fleeing an unhappy home life, but that she never would have become a great artist, while she was a competent manager of the Cartwright Brown home. She sent her aunt's allowance regularly and gave no thought to the future—until the two young people came home from college. The daughter was a mere butterfly, who neither appreciated nor resented Annabel's position in the household. The son was a grave faced chap who seemed suddenly oppressed by the responsibility of his father's wealth. He had studied theoretical sociology in college and on practical lines among the gilded youth of his class.

By this time the Cartwright Browns were at their country place, and Annabel found that her early morning rides were subject to interruption, not unpleasant, but disturbing. Norman Brown insisted upon unloading upon her capable shoulders, as his mother and father had done before him, the burden of his personal problems. But they were no longer burdensome when he found that Annabel shared his ideals about the use of wealth, and he boldly carried his plans to his father.

"No more college? You're going into the works? Say, what will our rich friends think?"

"I am more interested in knowing what the men at our works will think. And Miss Annabel says"—

Cartwright Brown waved his hand as if to dismiss the entire subject.

"Oh, if Annabel says you are right neither heaven nor earth could move you. I declare that girl has this family hypnotized."

"Nothing of the sort, and you know it," replied his son hotly. "She has simply taught us how to make the best of our money."

"And cured your mother of nervous prostration. Gracious, when I think of those old days! Oh, try it if you like."

* * * * * * * *

Letter from Miss Molly Sewell to Annabel Maitland:

* * * We were inexpressibly shocked. Of course I had watched for your name under some magazine illustrations or for some work you would send me, and when none came I sent Dan Martin to Denver to find out what you were doing. You, a Sewell and a Maitland, hiring out as a mere servant! You must come home at once. The Westfield bank will pay 50 cents on the dollar, and we can get along somehow, and if you show some signs of settling down I think Dan will marry you after all. He isn't like some men, holding a grudge.

Letter from Annabel to her Aunt Molly:

* * * The wedding took place yesterday afternoon. I wanted to have you come, but we were compelled to hasten matters. There is trouble at the Blackstake smelters, and Norman wants to be on the ground at once. He is a prince among men, dear aunt, and you will learn to love him when we come to see you, forgiving the fact that this prince found his Cinderella not behind the kitchen stove, but in his mother's boudoir. I am not ashamed of my work in the past year, for it brought me the greatest happiness that can come to a woman. We were married with the full consent of his parents, and —I cannot write more. My cup of happiness brims over and blots out mere words.

MOLLY.

Moral Snobbery.

One of the commonest forms of snobbishness is not social at all, but moral. Many people are moral snobs who have not a grain of social ambition. When Napoleon said, "I am above morality," he not only gave expression to what some great people have secretly thought about themselves, but to what thousands of their small admirers have openly said of them. They do not reflect, perhaps, as they justify their heroes, that to declare any one in the world above morality is to say that morality has ceased to exist, has been found out and exploded, nothing remaining but some utilitarian rules suitable for the guidance of mediocre minds. The moral law must be supreme or nowhere. Yet this, as it seems to us, self evident proposition is by no means easy to apply. Most of us feel that for any one to lay too much stress upon the moral shortcomings of a great man is a sign of a small mind or at least of a defective education. We do not habitually speak of Nelson in respect of Lady Hamilton, of Burns in respect of his marriage, of Bacon in the matter of his proved corruption, of Coleridge in connection with his opium habit or of Charles Lamb in his cups as we should speak of Smith, Brown and Robinson in like circumstances. Must we, then, admit ourselves to be moral snobs? The prima facie evidence is very much against us.—London Spectator.

Why They Wanted to Win.

We knew of only one case in which a man has tried to select a wife by a competitive examination. Fifteen ladies entered for the matrimonial prize and sat down to a paper of questions of which the following are samples:

Name seven kinds of pie and describe how each is prepared. Do you advocate the use of chewing rings for teething children? Give in 100 words your views on suitable dress when married.

The climax came when the man who set the paper proposed to the winner. She refused him point blank, and so did the other fourteen.—London Tit-Bits.

Spoil His Fun.

A street car conductor sees a great many amusing things in the course of a day, but the unreasonable passengers keep him so mad that he cannot half enjoy them.—Somerville Journal.

A SURPRISED ARTIST

The Picture That Brought a Fortune to a Poor Painter.

AN AUCTION ROOM ROMANCE.

Dramatic Incident of the Sale That Brought a Dealer and a Collector Into Competition For the Starving Artist's Masterpiece.

Samuel Duhobret was a poor painter whom Albrecht Durer, the famous engraver and artist, had admitted into his school out of charity. He was employed in painting signs and the coarser tapestry then used in Germany. He was about forty years of age, little, ugly and humpbacked. He was the butt of every ill joke among his fellow disciples, but he bore all with patience and ate without complaint the scanty crusts given him every day for dinner, while his companions often feasted sumptuously.

Poor Samuel had not a spice of envy or malice in his heart. He would at any time have toiled half the night to assist or serve those who were wont oftenest to laugh at him or abuse him loudest for his stupidity. True, he had not the qualities of social humor or wit, but he was an example of indefatigable industry. He came to his studies every morning at daybreak and remained at work until sunset. Then he retired into his lonely chamber and wrought for his own amusement.

Duhobret labored three years in this way, giving himself no time for exercise or recreation. He said nothing to a single human being of the paintings he had produced in the solitude of his cell by the light of his lamp. But his bodily energies wasted and declined under incessant toil.

One morning Duhobret was missing at the scene of his daily labors. His absence created much remark, and many were the jokes passed upon the occasion. No one thought of going to his lodgings to look after him or his remains. Meanwhile the object of their mirth was tossing on a bed of sickness. Disease, which had been slowly sapping the foundations of his strength, burned in every vein; his eyes rolled and flashed in delirium; his lips, usually so silent, muttered wild and incoherent words. In his days of health poor Duhobret had his dreams, as all artists, rich or poor, will sometimes have. He had thought that the fruit of many years' labor disposed of to advantage might procure him enough to live, in an economical way, for the rest of his life. He never anticipated fame or fortune. The height of his ambition or hope was to possess a tenement large enough to shelter him from the inclemencies of the weather, with means enough to purchase one comfortable meal per day.

Now, alas, however, even that one hope had deserted him. He thought himself dying and thought it hard to die without one to look kindly upon him, without the words of comfort that might soothe his passage to another world. He fancied his bed surrounded by fiendish faces, grinning at his sufferings and taunting his inability to summon power to disperse them. At length the apparitions faded away, and the patient sank into an exhausted slumber.

He awoke unrefreshed. It was the fifth day he had lain there neglected. His mouth was parched. He turned over and feebly stretched out his hand toward the earthen pitcher from which since the first day of his illness he had quenched his thirst. Alas, it was empty! Samuel lay for a few moments thinking what he should do. He knew he must die of want if he remained there alone. But to whom could he apply for aid in procuring sustenance?

An idea seemed at last to strike him. He arose slowly and with difficulty from the bed, went to the other side of the room and took up the picture he had painted last. He resolved to carry it to the shop of a salesman and hoped to obtain for it sufficient to furnish him with the necessaries of life for a week longer. Despair lent him strength to walk and to carry his burden. On his way he passed a house about which there was a crowd. He drew nigh, asked what was going on and received for an answer that there was to be a sale of many specimens of art collected by an amateur in the course of thirty years. It has often happened that collections made with infinite pains by the proprietor were sold without mercy or discrimination after his death.

Something whispered to the weary Duhobret that here would be the market for his picture. It was a long way yet to the house of the picture dealer, and he made up his mind at once. He worked his way through the crowd, dragged himself up the steps and after many inquiries found the auctioneer. That personage was a busy, important-like man, with a handful of papers. He was inclined to notice somewhat roughly the interruption of the lean, sallow hunchback, imploring as were his gesture and language.

"What do you call your picture?" at length said he, carefully looking at it.

"It is a view of the Abbey of Newbourg, with its village and the surrounding landscape," replied the eager and trembling artist.

The auctioneer again scanned it contemptuously and asked what it was worth. "Oh, that is what you please—whatever it will bring," answered Duhobret.

"Hem! It is too odd to please, I should think. I can promise you no more than 3 thalers."

Poor Samuel sighed deeply. He had spent on that piece the nights of many months, but he was starving now, and the pitiful sum offered would give bread for a few days. He nodded his head to the auctioneer and, retiring, took his seat in a corner.

The sale began. After some paintings and engravings had been disposed of Samuel's was exhibited. "Who bids at 3 thalers? Who bids?" was the cry. Duhobret listened eagerly, but none answered. "Will it find a purchaser?" said he despondingly to himself. Still there was a dead silence. He dared not look up, for it seemed to him that all the people were laughing at the folly of the artist who could be insane enough to offer so worthless a piece at a public sale.

"What will become of me?" was his mental inquiry. "That work is certainly my best." And he ventured to steal another glance. "Does it not seem that the wind actually stirs those boughs and moves those leaves? How transparent is the water! What life breathes in the animals that quench their thirst at that spring! How that steeple shines! How beautiful are those clustering trees!" This was the last expiring throb of an artist's vanity. The ominous silence continued. And Samuel, sick at heart, buried his face in his hands.

"Twenty-one thalers," murmured a faint voice just as the auctioneer was about to knock down the picture. The stupefied painter gave a start of joy. He raised his head and looked to see from whose lips those blessed words had come. It was the picture dealer to whom he had first thought of applying.

"Fifty thalers!" cried a sonorous voice. This time a tall man in black was the speaker. There was a silence of hushed expectation. "One hundred thalers!" at length thundered the picture dealer.

"Three hundred!" "Five hundred!" "One thousand!" Another profound silence, and the crowd pressed around the two opponents, who stood opposite each other, with eager and angry looks.

"Two thousand thalers!" cried the picture dealer and glanced around him triumphantly when he saw his adversary hesitate. "Ten thousand!" vociferated the tall man, his face crimson with rage and his hands clinched convulsively. The dealer grew paler; his frame shook with agitation; he made two or three efforts and at last cried out, "Twenty thousand!"

His tall opponent was not to be vanquished. He bid forty thousand. The dealer stopped. The other laughed a low laugh of insolent triumph, and a murmur of admiration was heard in the crowd. It was too much for the dealer. He felt his peace was at stake. "Fifty thousand!" exclaimed he in desperation. It was the tall man's turn to hesitate. Again the whole crowd were breathless. At length, tossing his arms in defiance, he shouted, "One hundred thousand!" The crestfallen picture dealer withdrew. The tall man victoriously bore away the prize.

How was it meanwhile with Duhobret while this exciting scene was going on? He was hardly master of his senses. He rubbed his eyes repeatedly and murmured to himself, "After such a dream my misery will seem more cruel!" When the contest ceased, he rose up bewildered and went about asking first one, then another, the price of the picture just sold. It seemed that his apprehension could not at once be enlarged to so vast a conception.

The possessor was proceeding homeward when a decrepit, lame and humpbacked invalid, tottering along by the aid of a stick, presented himself before him. He threw him a piece of money and waved his hand as dispensing with his thanks. "May it please your honor," said the supposed beggar, "I am the painter of that picture," and again he rubbed his eyes.

The tall man was Count Dunkelsback, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He stopped, took out his pocketbook, tore out a leaf and wrote on it a few lines. "Take it, friend," said he; "it is a check for your money. Adieu."

Duhobret finally persuaded himself that it was not a dream. He became the master of a castle, sold it and resolved to live luxuriously for the rest of his life and to cultivate painting as a pastime. But, alas for the vanity of human expectation, he had borne privation and toil. Prosperity was too much for him, as was proved soon after when an indigestion carried him off. His picture remained long in the cabinet of Count Dunkelsback and afterward passed into the possession of the king of Bavaria.

The Ruling Passion.

It is an evident fact that the body when it has long been a slave to evil passions finds it next to impossible to break its chains. The mind may passionately desire righteous living, but the abused nervous system, fallen into iron habits, refuses the soul's behest.

Canon Gore wrote that he was once present at the deathbed of a pickpocket, a man who professed himself to be sincerely penitent and who believed in the forgiveness of sins.

He had said goodby to this world, and the clergyman sat by his side waiting for his last moment to come. Suddenly the sinking man exclaimed in a hoarse and painful whisper:

"Look out for your watch."

They were his last words. He had died in their utterance, and the clergyman's watch was found in his lifeless hand. He had not been able to resist the nearness of an article that could be stolen. His enfeebled will could not prevent the muscles from falling into their old habits, but his mind—his soul, shall we say?—protested to the last.—London Standard.

Polish.

"You have a bright look, my boy," said the visitor at the school.

"Yes, sir," replied the candid youth. "That's because I forgot to rinse the soap off my face good."

WHY SILHOUETTE.

A Curious Bit of History Wrapped Up in the Word.

The linking of silhouettes run hardly be classed among the fine arts, since there is so little art about them. The best of them represent the human profile in a crude way, and they were regarded as rather a cheap kind of pictures even in the days when they were most popular. Indeed, the very word silhouette means something poor and cheap, and it had its origin in a spirit of ridicule. It is taken from Etienne de Silhouette, who was a French cabinet minister in the year 1759, when the treasury of France was very low because of costly wars with Britain and Prussia and by the extravagances of the government. When Etienne de Silhouette became minister of finance he set about making great reforms in the public expenditures. He was by nature a very "close" man, and he went to such extremes in keeping down the public expenses that he brought great ridicule upon himself, and finally anything that was cheap and poor was referred to as a la Silhouette.

A very crude picture was popular at that time. It was made by tracing the shadow or profile of a face projected by the light of a candle on a sheet of white paper and the outline defined with a pencil. This was such a very poor and cheap sort of picture that it was at once called a silhouette in further derision of the very saving French minister, and the name has "stuck." It is an instance of the curious derivation of some words in common use, and this unkind slur on a man who was really trying to introduce needed reforms in the spending of the public money has long been accepted as a good and proper word. Indeed, there is no other word used for pictures of this kind, although there were such pictures long before M. Etienne de Silhouette had his name attached to them in so embarrassing a way.—Morris Wade in Century.

AN EARLY CALL.

Mark Twain's Story About His Absentminded Brother.

One bitter December night Orion (Mark Twain's brother) sat up reading until 3 o'clock in the morning and then, without looking at a clock, sallied forth to call on a young lady. He hammered and hammered at the door; couldn't get any response; didn't understand it. Anybody else would have regarded that as an indication of some kind or other and would have drawn inferences and gone home, but Orion didn't draw inferences. He merely hammered and hammered, and finally the father of the girl appeared at the door in a dressing gown. He had a candle in his hand, and the dressing gown was all the clothing he had on, except an expression of welcome, which was so thick and so large that it extended all down his front to his instep and nearly obliterated the dressing gown. But Orion didn't notice that this was an unpleasant expression. He merely walked in. The old gentleman took him into the parlor, set the candle on a table and stood. Orion made the usual remarks about the weather and sat down—sat down and talked and talked and went on talking, that old man looking at him vindictively and waiting for his chance, waiting treacherously and malignantly for his chance. Orion had not asked for the young lady. It was not customary. It was understood that a young fellow came to see the girl of the house, not the founder of it. At last Orion got up and made some remark to the effect that probably the young lady was busy and he would go now and call again. That was the old man's chance, and he said with fervency, "Why, good land, aren't you going to stop to breakfast?"—Mark Twain's Autobiography in North American Review.

Delights of Literature.

A lady asked her gardener if he had read the book she had given him at Christmas. "I never reads," said the gardener in pure Kentish. She began to point out the beauties of literature. "It's like this," said the gardener, leaning on his spade: "You reads a bit, and then you thinks a bit, and then you gets a ter'ble 'eadache."—London Chronicle.

A Friendly Jab.

The Fiancee—Yes, Percy placed it on my finger last night. Isn't it a beauty? Her Dearest Friend—Yes, but in about a fortnight you'll find it will make a funny black mark on your finger. It did on mine.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Rheumatism

I have found a tried and tested cure for Rheumatism! Not a remedy that will straighten the distorted limbs of chronic cripples, nor turn bony growths back to flesh again. That is impossible. But I can now surely kill the pains and pangs of this deplorable disease.

In Germany—with a Chemist in the City of Darmstadt—I found the last ingredient with which Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy was made a perfected, dependable prescription. Without that last ingredient, I successfully treated many, many cases of Rheumatism; but now, at last, it uniformly cures all curable cases of this heretofore much dreaded disease. Those sand-like granular wastes, found in Rheumatic Blood, seem to dissolve and pass away under the action of this remedy as freely as does sugar when added to pure water. And then, when dissolved, those poisonous wastes freely pass from the system, and the cause of Rheumatism is gone forever. There is now no real need—no actual excuse to suffer longer without help. We sell, and in confidence recommend

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy

(ALL DEALERS)

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE, Smethport, Pa.

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts. Chops, Steaks

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $5.00 IN ADVANCE

EMIL THAMM, MANUFACTURER OF Fine Cigars.

There are many kidney remedies but few that accomplish the result. "Pineulse" is a kidney remedy that contains no alcohol or opiates of any kind, complies with the National Pure Food and Drugs Law, guaranteed to give satisfaction. Thirty day treatment for $1.00. Druggists should handle it. Sold by

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Hibbard, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Deylin, Bradford
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—James A. McKean president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, A. A. Abbey, J. P. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham, G. H. Deming.
Justices—H. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—A. H. Ridder, J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull.
Judge of Election—G. H. Ryde.
Inspectors of Election—G. P. Vickery, F. H. Hungerville.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Military degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 347, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

I. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate (Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3:0 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65

The regular subscription price of the two is one dollar.

The Mckean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Mar. 28 1907

Political Announcements.

COUNTY TREASURER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
H. W. RUBIN.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 11, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce to the Republican voters of McKean county that I am a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held the first of June next.
A. F. Bannon
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 11, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the rules governing the Republican primaries.
L. J. REZNOR.
Port Allegany, Pa., Feb. 12, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
GEORGE PATON.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 12, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my candidacy for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
A. B. WALKER.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 18, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican voters of McKean county, at the primary election, June 1, next.
W. T. BOGART.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 25, 1907.

EMPLOYES of 42 Western railroads are balloting this week on whether to strike or not to strike. And should the first be adopted the Western railroads will be badly crippled.

A war of some consequence has been waging between Nicaragua and Honduras, Central American countries, but this week President Bonilla of Honduras, ordered the surrender of his troops to the Nicaraugnan government. During the progress of this war the casualties have been heavy.

THE Thaw trial, which has been grinding away in New York for more than nine weeks, has taken a new course. Justice Fitzgerald has appointed a commission of lunacy to examine the state of mind of Harry K. Thaw. Should this committee return a verdict of insanity the prisoner will be placed in an asylum for the insane, if not the long tiresome trial will continue.

THE proposed constitutional amendment to hold but one election a year is pretty generally approved throughout the State. There is too much politics to the square inch in this old Commonwealth, and a reduction of one election and the primary preceding will help some. Even should the Brown resolution be passed finally by the present Legislature it would have to be approved by the Legislature of 1909 and then indorsed by the people at the polls before it could become operative.

THE first of the great reform measures that were advocated by all of the political parties last year will reach the governor this week. It is the bill making the rate of transportation for passengers on steam railroads two cents per mile, and it will come up for final passage in the senate next Monday evening. The bill provides that after September 30 next the maximum fare to be charged shall be two cents per mile, that the maximum for a short distance need not be less than five cents; that passengers paying cash on the train shall pay ten cents in addition to the regular fare, for which they shall be given a rebate check; and the company charging more than two cents per mile shall be subject to a penalty of one thousand dollars, which shall be paid to the county where the illegal charge is made.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 23, 1907.

Nothing has occurred to in any way lighten the railway situation. There is no more definite information from the White House of what the President intends to do than there was a week ago. All talk tends towards a prosecution of Mr. Harriman. It is said that the forces of Morgan, Hill and Stuyvesant Fish are combining on the big little railroad magnate, and that if they can encompass a government prosecution, one will be instituted. Of course it is not their business to dictate what the government shall do in the case. But they can throw much light in a quiet way on some of the dark by-ways of railroad manipulation, and can help out the Department of Justice in a number of ways if they are so inclined. And they seem to be inclined.

There is little doubt that the call of Gov. Deneen at the White House had to do with the Harriman case more than with anything else. It is in the state of Illinois if anywhere, that Mr. Harriman can be brought to book for the stock jobbery in connection with the Alton road. It is believed that the state authorities are ready to undertake a case of this sort against him, and the President will be cheerful to have them do it. The chief chance for a federal prosecution is under the Sherman anti-trust law, and this, it is said, would make out a case almost exactly parallel with the Northern Securities case which the government won.

There will be a hearing before the Interstate Commerce Commission on Apr. 4th when some of the attorneys for the parties to the case will present arguments to the Commission tending to establish the legality of the various moves made in affecting the combination. When this statement is made it will be taken up by the Commission and a special report will be prepared for the Department of Justice by Frank Kellogg and Chas. Severance, special attorneys for the Commission in this case. There is considerable doubt whether there will be anything in the case that can be dealt with under the Interstate Commerce act. But it is believed that an even more complete case can be made out under the Sherman act than was done in the combination of the Hill lines. It seems certain that the suppression of competition in the country affected was greater.

There is also the case of the Oregon Short Line which may be used as the basis of a separate prosecution. Certain it is that the most of the important callers at the White House recently have come away breathing dire prophesies of the things that were going to happen to Mr. Harriman. So it is possible that he will be taken to make an example of if possible for the benefit of other, though perhaps less noted, exponents of "high finance."

The Interstate Commerce Commission has come to the conclusion that it was doing too much work for the money even at its increased salary. Perhaps that is hardly a fair statement. The Commission is really a hard working body and it shows no disposition to shirk. But it cannot do everything with only 24 hours in the day, and it has decided hereafter to spend the bulk of its time in Washington and leave the taking of testimony over the country to special agents who will report direct to Washington. This is interesting to the outside world as it will open up a number of desirable engagements in the shape of deputy commissionerships. These special agents will be stationed at the big railroad centers such as New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City. They will have charge of certain defined territory. Disputes arising in these districts will be adjusted if possible by the deputy commissioner on the ground. If it is an important case, it will be referred to Washington and in case that would demand a set hearing and where some of the commissioners would ordinarily come from Washington to hold court, the testimony will be taken by a deputy and forwarded to Washington. This will leave the commissioners free of an enormous amount of railway travelling. And it will enable them to get through much more work in the course of a year than they would have done under the old system.

Secretary Taft is going to start next week for the sort of a vacation trip that Mr. Roosevelt has been in the habit of taking so often. It is merely a trip where the vacation will consist in doing a different sort of work, but more of it. He is to start from Washington, go south by rail to Charleston, and take a warship that will land him in Panama. He will make an inspection of the Canal Zone with a view to reorganizing the local government, and see what has been done in the way of testing the foundation site for the Gatun Dam and locks. He will have a number of competent outside engineers along to advise him from a technical standpoint. He also will be accompanied on the trip by Senator Kitteridge and Representatives De Armond and Burton.

On his way back he will take a look at Porto Rico, where the natives recently have been agitating for autonomy. He will be the guest of Gov. Winthorp while on the Island, and the governor probably will come back with him to this country. It is not likely that the Porto Ricans will get much more than they are now getting in the way of self government, the indications being that they have all now that will be good for them for some years to come. From Porto Rico, the party will go to Cuba. Here will be one of the hardest tasks of the whole trip, for the Secretary will be called upon to decide whether the Islanders are ripe to handle their own affairs once more, and on his decision will depend whether or not there will be elections in the Island this fall preparatory to withdrawing the United States troops.

If the elections are not held, it will mean that the Island will remain under American management perhaps for a year longer. This continuance of American protectorate will be very agreeable to the large property holders in the Island, and as the most of them are foreign subjects, it will be welcome also to a number of foreign governments. In fact, it is understood that France and Great Britain have already expressed a hope that we will hold on to Cuba for some time longer, the longer the better from their point of view.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending March 23, 1907:

Jenny Anderson, Mannel Crine, Miss Marie Smith 2, Mrs. Lydia P. Springer

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Cows for Sale.

Two extra good cows for sale at a reasonable price, considering stock and breeding. A bargain for anyone wanting gentle cattle that anyone can handle. For particulars inquire of

FRANK W. BACKUS,
605 E. Main St.
Smethport, Pa.

Housekeepers will find Campbell's Varnish Stains most excellent for staining and varnishing and entire wood work. These Stains dry hard over night and never become tacky. J. C. Hamlin carries a full line of all colors.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

Opening Dates All This Week

A Fashion Panorama, a reviewal of the new, a foreign showing of the fabrics, hats and garments of Spring. When fashion comes it comes to this store first, and when they go they go from here long before they passe. The period which most definitely marks the going and coming time, of our Easter Opening, which event occurs THIS WEEK

Our Spring Garments, Hats, Fabrics, Silk and Kid Gloves, Ribbons, Ladies, Misses and Children's Fine Shoes, Fine Oxfords and requisites go hand in hand with the style of the moment.

The Initiatory Exhibit of these things we guarantee to fit you and your friends. We know you will enjoy the visit, we know you will gain many valuable style ideas, we know you will attain useful economy hints, and if you don't come we know you will regret it.

OUR EXHIBIT WILL MAKE THIS A BUSY WEEK. YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO BE PRESENT.

BELL BROS.

OLEAN, N. Y.

When you think of
PLUMBING
think of STRONG'S.

Having added H. H. Redfield's plumbing business and tinners' tools to my stock I am now prepared to do all plumbing and tinning in a satisfactory manner.

o—o—o

Give me a chance to figure on your next job.

o—o—o

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES, RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport

Now Spring is Coming.
Then is house-Cleaning.

If you want to get rid of your old furniture, carpets and all kinds of junk see

I. ODESSER,

the East Smethport junk dealer, He will pay you the

HIGHEST PRICES

in cash. Rags 1c per lb., also Rubbers, Old Iron, Metals, Old Rope, Bones, Hides, Fur, Wool, Beeswax and Tallow.

BEST PRICES WILL BE PAID.

I have now three wagons on the road ready to call on you at all times. Let me know when you have anything and my wagon will be at your door.

Thanking you for past favors I remain Yours

I. ODESSER.

DIGESTO COFFEE.

Digesto is free from injurious Caffeine and Tannin.

Digesto is absolutely pure coffee.

Digesto is packed in small sterilized bags.

Digesto is the only absolute-pure coffee that can be used without causing dyspepsia or heartburn.

Digesto is the only coffee that you can drink at night without fear of sleeplessness.

Digesto is packed in 25 cent packages, containing 10 bags, each bag making from 2 to 3 cups of exquisite coffee.

J. Colegrove,
Smethport, Pa.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

The time for MEN and BOYS to dress up is in SUMMER.

As long as you are going to you may as well do it for Easter. We can fix you with a new

Suit, Raincoat Topcoat, Hat, Shirt or Necktie

for Yourself and Son and do it right.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT. PENNA

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 & 15c **Ladies Home Journal Patterns** 10 & 15c

The Spring Quarterly Style Book, illustrating the Ladies Home Journal Patterns, price, including a pattern, 15c,

I still have many bargains to offer in the different lines of goods, therefore, make it a point th call.

SPECIAL

20c Coffee at 15c.
30c Coffee at 25c.
Best Mocha and Java at 35c, mixed to suit the taste.
Felt's Fancy Flour at $1.40.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
February 26, 1907.

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

We think we have it complete in every way. Please bring your family receipts and give us a trial. We have a fine line of

STATIONERY
TOBACCO
CIGARS

H. C. WELLS.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

We Can Please You.

Emperor and Puritan 50c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

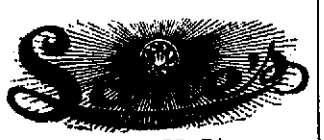
EASTER OPENING

THIS WEEK AT

Mrs. A. E. Hinman's

Latest styles in Easter millinery.
New Spring Coats for Ladies and Children.
An elegant line of Ladies' Skirts, Neckwear, Belts, Etc.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED.



BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492

BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

The Fourth Lady In Waiting.

By EDITH J. HULBERT.

Copyrighted, 1898, by E. C. Eastman.

"A herald from his imperial majesty the czar of Russia!"

There was a flare of trumpets, an eager swaying of the lines of courtiers, a soft ripple of laughter and then silence.

Before me stretched an interminable path of red velvet, flanked on either side by rows of smirking, bowing creatures clad in rainbow lined satins, velvets and glittering with jewels. At the farther end, on a throne of ivory and gold, sat a regal, white robed woman, crowned and girdled with diamonds. Behind her stood two dusky giants majestically waving fans of peacock feathers. At her feet knelt two tiny pages attired in blue and silver.

She was the queen of Badalva and one of the most beautiful women in the world. I was a nobody. It was my province to deliver into her royal hand the scroll intrusted to my keeping by my gracious master. For weeks I had been looking forward to this audience with feverish eagerness. But now, at the crucial moment, when grace of bearing and fluency of speech would perhaps serve to win me a smile from those perfect lips, I stood gaping like a clown in the midst of her lackeys.

My feet refused to move, my knees trembled, the scroll in my hand shook, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. There was a muffled giggle on my right. Then a clear, exquisitely modulated voice smote the air like the notes of a golden harp.

"Methinks," said the queen, flashing laughter from her violet eyes, "that the messenger of our fair cousin, the czar, is unduly overawed by our presence. Be not afraid to approach, Sir Herald. We are quite harmless."

Again came that subdued giggle, all the more maddening that it had about it a baffling familiarity, but at a frown from the queen it was quickly suppressed.

Summoning [illegible] power, I plunged [illegible] and by a supreme [illegible] the [illegible] reached the [illegible] queen.

"The [illegible] as [illegible] your [illegible] over [illegible] by [illegible]."

She [illegible] and [illegible] hope that I was [illegible] and, recalling it, hastily scanned its contents.

A dark cloud and terrible came over her countenance. Her eyes flashed, her cheeks paled. Her lips straightened to a scarlet line. Tearing the parchment [illegible] across, she cast it at my feet and hissed in a low tone of concentrated fury: "That, varlet, is my answer to your master! See that you deliver it to him with all possible haste! Out of my sight! Begone!"

Then again her wonderful voice rang out in all its clearness.

"Men of Badalva," she said, "never while Sylvia lives shall you bend your neck beneath the yoke of the Russian tyrant!"

"Long live Queen Sylvia!" shouted the courtiers. And from somewhere in the distance came the sounds of tumultuous applause—clapping, stamping and cries of "Bravo! Brava!"

Mechanically I backed down the red velvet path, unheeding the hisses and black looks which beset me on either side, and presently found myself in a small anteroom, the walls of which were hung with doublets, hose, cloaks, plumed hats and various articles of armor. Almost immediately I was confronted by a tall, thin, flashily dressed man, who eyed me with an expression of extreme disfavor.

"See here," he said. "We don't want supers in this company to forget their cues and occupy the center of the stage for ten minutes, and we don't want any lines thrown in either. The man who wrote that play can attend to that."

"But," I stammered, "the queen—Miss Elsworth—said something to me that wasn't in"—

"What's that to you?" he interrupted sarcastically. "You're not a star just yet, are you? Who are you, anyway? One of them young chaps from the college, ain't you?"

I nodded.

"First time on?"

Again I nodded. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I won't report you if you look sharp for the rest of the performance. Luckily for you the boss is away tonight. What are you doing it for, anyway? Stage struck or Elsworth struck?"

I did not deign to answer, and, with a derisive guffaw, he went out, slamming the door behind him.

I had been alone scarcely a minute when that irritating giggle again fell upon my ears.

"Who's there?" I cried, flinging open the door and peering into the dimly lighted corridor.

"Sh! Go back!" whispered a feminine voice. And as I obeyed its command the doorway framed a petite golden haired damsel, resplendent in pink satin and a court train.

I seized her hands and drew her to the center of the room under the electric light.

"Elfrida!" I gasped. "What are you doing here?"

She dropped me a stately courtesy.

"The Countess Olga, fourth lady in waiting to her majesty Queen Sylvia, at your service," she said, with dignity. Then she giggled and blushed.

"It was you, then, who kept laughing all the time I was on the stage," I said reproachfully.

Elfrida looked penitent.

"It was mean of me," she admitted. "But you did look so funny!" She giggled again at the recollection.

I made no reply in words, but I let her see that I resented her.

"Where did you come from? How did you get here? Why haven't you written to me in all these weeks?" I asked as soon as I felt sure she thoroughly understood my mental attitude regarding her.

"Mme. Brenner's, New Haven. Skipped with the show Saturday night. Couldn't write. Watched every minute," she answered with unwomanly lucidity and brevity.

Elfrida always was different from other girls. This was why I made such a fool of myself over her last summer after my junior year that the governor was afraid I never would stand for the senior grind at Harvard. If he had remembered that I was on the crew, he wouldn't have been so scared. "I could not love thee, dear, so much loved I not honor more," I had quoted solemnly to Elfrida the night we said goodby.

That was why she was packed off to that least of all Brenner when she should have been queening it in Albany society. She was so original that when there was no immediate danger of her eloping with me her father was afraid that she might take up slumming or typing or insist on going to the Philippines to nurse the soldiers. Brenner had doubtless been apprised of these contingencies, but apparently the possibility of Elfrida succumbing to the ordinary schoolgirl variety of stage fever had occurred to no one.

Consequently with her power of resource it was mere child's play for her to "break jail," as she expressed it, during the relaxed vigilance of the Saturday evening recreation hour and subsequently to coax her way to the manager's presence. As far as he was concerned, to see was to engage. Did I mention that Elfrida was a rippling, tearing beauty? Well, such is the case, and she confided to me that she was paying for her own costumes.

"You must go back at once," I said sternly as soon as we had compared notes on the numerous exciting events which had occurred since our parting.

"And give up earning my own living," demanded Elfrida indignantly. "Just when I have proved how easily I can do it?"

"You've only been at it two days," I remarked. "And as it is the 6th of the month I suppose you still have most of your allowance."

Instantly I saw my mistake. Elfrida turned her back on me, and for fully two minutes every one of my usual methods of effecting a reconciliation failed utterly. At length a brilliant idea came to me.

"If you will leave the company tonight, I will," I said in the tone of one making the sacrifice of a lifetime.

Elfrida displayed signs of interest. She didn't of course know that my engagement, like that of a dozen other fellows who were members of the queen's guard, was only for the current week.

"You are willing, then, to forego the pursuit of the queen?" inquired Elfrida, quoting from the play with mock intensity. I detected, however, an undercurrent of real anxiety in her voice and hastened to reassure her.

"Anything that I gave up for your sake would be the next moment forgotten," I replied dramatically.

She allowed me to kiss her.

"I will do it," she said after a moment's deliberation. "But we will both have to forfeit our salaries."

I glanced at the clock. It was quarter after 9, and I knew by the noise outside that the first act was just over. Seizing the fourth lady in waiting unceremoniously by the arm, I hurried her down the corridor to the ladies' dressing room.

"Borrow a long dark coat if you haven't got one," I whispered, "and pin that flummery under it. I will have a cab here in five minutes, and you can get the 9:30 for New Haven."

She obeyed my directions, and twenty minutes later I stood alone on the station platform disconsolately watching the rapidly disappearing train that was bearing her Brennerwards.

I got back in time for the third act all right, but I didn't succeed in meeting Miss Elsworth after the performance, nor any other time, for that matter, for I kept my promise and quit that night.

In this case, however, virtue met with a substantial reward, for when the episode came to the ears of my father and of Elfrida's they were so impressed by my masterly handling of the situation that they permitted our engagement to be announced.

French School Meals.

In some of the rural districts of France every boy or girl takes to school in the morning a handful of vegetables and puts them in a large pan of water. They are then washed by one of the other pupils, who take turns at performing this duty. Later the vegetables are placed in a kettle with water and a piece of pork and are cooked while the lessons are going on. At 11:30 each scholar has a bowl of hot soup. To cover the cost of fuel and meat the richer pupils pay a small sum each month.

Both Beating It.

"Mr. Gags! Mr. Gags!" exclaimed the musical director, stopping the orchestra in the middle of the low comedian's song. "You're miles ahead of the time." "Eh, what?" jerked out the merchant of comedy. "Well, you're beating it too!"—Ally Sloper.

Wonderful!

Two years ago Zip swallowed a grain of wheat. Last Thursday night at the log rolling he had a fit of coughing and coughed up a fifty pound sack of flour and about 100 pounds of bran. Truth is mighty and will prevail.—Gold Beach (Ore.) Gazette.

HAPPINESS.

The Difference Between the Sexes in This Important State.

One source of women's happiness is to be found, we think, in their love of detail. They enjoy every detail of social life. They love the minutiae of their work. They do not love it as a man loves his, for the sake of an end. They look close at what they are doing, and they do not look forward. They take pleasure in their children as they are. A defect, even though it be a serious one, destroys their pleasure in them far less than it destroys that of a man. They are not constantly oppressed by the thought of what that defect will mean in the future. If a woman is by nature apprehensive her fears apply for the most part to little things. If a man is apprehensive he fears when the fit is upon him the debacle of heaven and earth. For women there does not seem a little slaver. They take pleasure in each jewel of that mosaic which makes up happiness and are not in dread because the pattern is not complete. Of this quality they have, we thought, the inevitable defects—much brilliance, little grasp and a tendency to frivolity. They are apt to fritter away their lives and minds on little things. They become engrossed with the details of a play as well as the details of work. Men no doubt have more opportunities of keen pleasure than women have, but these opportunities are short lived. The happiness of the moment they are less fitted to take. The difference between the sexes in this particular might, we believe, be thus summed up: A man is happy whenever he has anything to make him happy, but a woman is happy whenever she has nothing to make her unhappy.—London Spectator.

SHELLS THAT SWIM.

These Peculiar Fish Are Mostly Confined to Tropical Seas.

The idea of shells being found anywhere else except upon the seabeach or in river beds is a little startling. Yet the naturalist who pursues his work from a sandy beach can and does collect shells by the thousand at every dip of his scoop or basket.

Swimming [illegible] rapidly comparable [illegible] The [illegible] fairly [illegible] is, however, [illegible] ever, [illegible] but a near [illegible] is only [illegible] a remarkable [illegible] of [illegible] fish are [illegible] than [illegible] by [illegible] hours, [illegible] something [illegible] trance of [illegible] has the odd peculiarity of coming to the surface at 6 sharp every evening. Another, the Cleonea rubinata, rises at 7.

Frail as these tiny shellfish are, no storm ever injures them. They all possess the peculiar power of being able at will to sink a few feet below the surface of the sea, and there they remain when gales blow, perfectly safe, and rise again when the weather improves.

The largest of these ocean swimmers is about three inches in length. Almost all are most brilliant in color and their shells far frailer and more glossy than those found upon the seabeach.

Puzzling Measures.

Wheat is sold in Great Britain in twenty different ways by the quarter, comb, load, boll, bushel, barrel, hundredweight, cental, windle and bobbet. Further confusion is also caused by the fact that the bushel of wheat varies from sixty-two pounds at Birmingham, Gloucester and Taunton, to eighty pounds at Monmouth and Abergavenny, while at Aberystwyth it is sixty-five pounds. Similarly, the boll weighs three imperial bushels at Newcastle, four throughout Scotland, six at Berwick, 264 pounds at Glasgow and 240 pounds at Hamilton. A quarter measures 496 pounds in country districts and 504 pounds in London.—London Milling.

Unique Advertising.

A tale is told of Robert Bonner and of his belief in advertising. One day he engaged a whole page of a newspaper and repeated a two line advertisement upon it over and over again. It must have been repeated 5,000 times upon the page in the smallest type.

"Why do you waste your money, Robert?" asked a friend. "I noticed that same line so often. Would not half a page have answered your purpose?"

"Half a page would never have caused you to ask the question," replied Mr. Bonner. "At least five people will ask that to every line was the way I figured it."

Opening His Hand.

William Penn was once urging a man he knew to stop drinking to excess when the man suddenly asked, "Can you tell me of an easy way to do it?" "Yes," Penn replied readily; "it is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend." "Convince me of that," the man explained, "and I will promise upon my honor to do as you tell me." "Well, my friend," Penn answered, "whenever thee finds a glass of liquor in thy hand open that hand before the glass touches thy lips, and thee will never drink to excess again."

No Surplus Wealth.

"What are you going to do with your surplus wealth?"

"My friend," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "surplus wealth is a myth, a superstition. There is no such thing in the personal experience of any individual."—Washington Star.

It is only because each man is so different from his fellows that we are able to endure one another's company. —Florida Times.

A Hand at Poker

By JAMES JOHNSON.

Copyrighted, 1898, by E. C. Purcells.

At the age of twenty Thomas Appleby, Jr., was generally referred to as "Soft Tommy." While his father, who was one of the largest railroad contractors in the country, was known as a level headed man, his only son, Tommy, was playing "going to seed" and making a fool of himself whenever occasion offered. A compilation of the [illegible] things Tommy did in the course of two years would make a small volume of statistics. He got drunk, he lost money, he paged [illegible] he fell in love with his landlady, he got into jail, he ran himself and his father into debt to the tune of thousands. As a windup he fell in love with a chorus girl at a New York theater, went on a drunk lasting two weeks and was disgracefully expelled from college. His old man stopped building the Colorado Midland long enough to come east and bribe the chorus girl to let go, pay up Tommy's debts, talk to him in vigorous English and then take him west to fill some unimportant position where he could keep an eye on him.

Tommy's halcyon days were over. He had to knuckle down and be good. In the course of two years he became so good and so sensible that he was permitted to go east and marry the daughter of a locomotive builder, with whom he had become acquainted while she was making a tour of the west. It was conceded on all sides that Tommy was no longer "soft." He had become interested in his father's work, been given a partnership, and he was looked upon as a coming man in the business of constructing and outfitting railroads.

Tommy and his bride were to "do" the east and then bring up in their future home in Denver, and everything went according to programme until they headed for the west. Then Tommy received word to bring along a sum of money from Wall street. The fact that he had $20,000 buttoned up behind his coat caused a relapse from virtue on Tommy's part. He became "soft" again. He drank and swaggered and sold everybody what a big man he was in the Colorado Midland, and soon after leaving Ashley on his home coming he fell into the hands of the Philistines. Three thieves and a gambler had spotted him and were after his money. They didn't care how they got hold of it, but after awhile found that the game of poker would be the easiest way. When Tommy began drinking he became obstinate, and, leaving his tearful bride in the parlor car, he took a hand in the game started elsewhere for his particular benefit.

Then the chorus girl made her entrance. She had let go of Tommy for good. She had never cared for him in a sentimental way. She had drifted from the chorus in New York to the vaudeville in a western town of hard repute and was on her return from a trip to Chicago when she ran across Tommy and his wife. Her first emotions were those of jealousy to think that he had married, and she thirsted for revenge against the child faced bride. Then she reasoned that she never intended to marry Tommy anyway and that he and his papa had treated her very liberally, and she gave over her idea of revenge. Tommy didn't recognize her during the long day that she occupied a seat directly across the aisle, but she saw that he had something on his mind and was drinking himself up to it. The gamblers were going to make up a game for the night, and he wanted to be counted in and arrive in Denver with a few extra hundred dollars in his pocket. The protesting bride was ordered to the stateroom, and Tommy went in search of the game. He soon found it. The ex-chorus girl had sized up the newly married couple and the situation, and she reasoned them out as follows:

"Tommy the 'soft' is not as big a fool as he was, but he is fool enough to be taken in by those card sharps. From his swagger he has evidently got a lot of money with him. He has gone and forgotten me and got married instead of pining along in single blessedness, but I won't hold that up against him. That wife of his is a little innocent. She may have seen a circus once or twice in her life, but her knowledge of the world stops there. If she would take Tommy by the ear, as I used to do, instead of playing the baby, she could bring him to the mark. But she hasn't the pluck. Tommy will gamble, lose his money, and there will be a scene when he faces his father. I must do something for the helpless infants."

The game was going on in the smoker. There were only two or three passengers in the car, and it may have been that the conductor stood in with the blacklegs. At any rate, when the ex-chorus girl made her appearance in the car he politely hinted that she had made a mistake.

"Not if the court knows herself," was her reply. "I came in here to get a smell of this smoke and watch the game, and I don't think there is any rule to bar me out."

Tommy was drinking with one hand and playing poker with the other. He also kept his mouth going as to what a great man he was in connection with the Colorado Midland. The line would have never been thought of nor surveyed nor constructed but for him. He had played poker since he was ten years old. He was no chicken. He had the money, and money talked. From her nearby seat the woman listened to his vaporings and saw the gamblers fleecing him at every hand, and she said to herself:

"[illegible] to get about a hundred dollars [illegible] Tommy [illegible] [illegible] me, but three sharpers are [illegible] Keep [illegible] If he was born without brains it's not my fault, and yet I feel sorry for that little wife of his. This is all new on her. She is in her stateroom crying her eyes out when a wife of spunk would be in here raising old Ned. It's none of my business, and yet I can't help but feel sorry for her. It's no use to go and speak to her, for she's one of the weeping, helpless sort. What is wanted is something to give Tommy a jar."

A few minutes later the porter of the sleeping car came into the smoker and whispered to Tommy that his wife wanted to see him. At first the gamblers sneered and Tommy swore. He sent back word that he would come when he got ready and continued his play. The ex-chorus girl went back in his place, and when the stateroom door opened at her knock she said to the anxious and weeping bride:

"Your husband is drinking and gambling in the car ahead. Are you a woman enough to walk in there and fetch him out?"

"Mercy, no!" gasped the wife.

"Then don't make a fool of yourself by sending messages. I know your Tommy of old. He's soft in the head, and I don't believe he'll ever get over it. You are only a baby wife, and your mother ought to have kept hold of one end of the string. Don't sob and wring your hands that way. I'm going back to watch the game and save your Tommy. He'll probably come along in the course of an hour and dump himself down on the floor. I may come later."

"But I don't understand," protested the bride as she struggled with her sobs.

"There's no need for you to. Just remain right here and leave the rest to me."

"And who are you?"

"Nobody or nothing."

When the woman returned to the smoker Tommy had lost all his own money and had broken into what he was carrying to his father. He was as dough in the hands of the sharpers. In five hands he lost $2,000. Then the woman stepped to his side and took him by the arm and said:

"Tommy, you are wanted in the sleeping car. Come along."

"What are you doing here?" demanded one of the gamblers of the woman as Tommy obediently rose up and lurched about.

"They call me Wild Rose in Cheyenne," she replied, "and it is said that I play poker as good as any man. This man is going back to his wife, and I'm going to take his hand in the game."

The men cursed and growled, but when Tommy had been landed in his stateroom the woman returned and sat down with such nonchalance and produced such a large "roll" that the sharpers winked at each other and then turned in to beat her. They palmed the cards; they bluffed; they conspired; they resorted to all the tricks of the trade, but they reaped nothing by it. The woman was posted in all their moves and had some new ones to show them. They became afraid of her after awhile, and then she used taunts to keep the game going. They lost steadily from the start, and if there was cheating on her part they were not sharp enough to detect it. When she had won back every dollar lost by Tommy the "soft," she rose up and carried her winnings back to the wife. The husband was asleep on the floor. The ex-chorus girl looked at him and nodded her head and said:

"Seems like old times to see him that way. Here's the money he lost to the gamblers. Take care of it and go through his pockets for the rest of his boodle. We are getting near Cheyenne. I leave the train there."

"But your name? You will tell me that and let me thank you over and over again for what you have done?"

"Don't mention it. Good night and goodby."

Tribal Suicide.

All students of Malay and Hindoo history know that one of the most horrid customs in those countries is the "poopootan," what I should like to call the tribal suicide, says C. Thieme, correspondent of De Nieuwe Courant, The Hague. A Bali prince, with the instincts of his warrior race, declines to surrender, but prefers death, and he and all his people seek death. The Prince of Badoeng did this. He turned a deaf ear to all suggestion of a settlement, but he and all connected with him, men, women and children, committed suicide. Nearly the same thing happened in 1895 in Lombok, a neighboring island. The old king had surrendered, but one of his sons, a cripple, walked out with all his relations dressed in gorgeous garments, bedecked with all their jewelry, and with their swords and lances attacked the Dutch army, only to find the death they courted. Those who were not killed in the fight were afterward found to have also killed themselves.

As Good as a Knot.

A little north side boy likes to play with needles and thread and pretend he is sewing. To please him and to keep him quiet his mother has been in the habit of letting him have the articles for his amusement while she is busy with her household duties and especially while she herself is sewing. One afternoon recently the boy was busily engaged in his favorite domestic pursuit when suddenly the knot came out of the thread and it slipped through the needle.

"Mamma," said he, handing the needle and thread to her, "pease put the thread in the needle and then pease put another lump in the thread."—Columbus Dispatch.

SELLING A PLAY.

The Uncertainty That Attends the Dramatic Writer's Efforts.

Preliminary arrangements between playwrights and managers sometimes supply surprising facts looked at from the after production period.

On one occasion a certain New York novelist wrote a play containing one striking and very powerful scene. He put it into the hands of an agent to dispose of; but, getting tired of waiting to hear from this bodily load, he decided to see what he could do himself toward marketing it.

Meeting Blanche Walsh, he got her interested in the thing to the ex ent of planking down $[illegible] for an option. Highly elated, he went to the telephone and called up his agent.

"Never mind about that play of mine," he said. "Blanche Walsh wants it."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the agent. "I was just ringing you up to tell you that I have sold the option to Mrs. Fiske."

"Gee! I've got a winner for fair," the playwright told himself.

Then he proceeded to straighten out the tangle, and here circumstances played into his hands with delightful smoothness.

Miss Walsh found a big success in "Resurrection," so let her $500 go with little regret. Mrs. Fiske went so far as to announce the new piece and then made a ten strike with "Leah Kleschna." In the end she, too, paid over her option money, and the play was finally brought out by another manager and under a different name without a star and failed promptly, going to the storage house after a fortnight's run.

But the author nevertheless made $1,500 out of it, taken from the pockets of the two actresses, who no doubt congratulated themselves that they got off so cheaply.

In the case of another play the author offered the piece to the husband of the actress whom he had had in mind for the leading part when he wrote it. But this man who is also a manager, "could not see it," to speak in the language of the [illegible]

A younger firm decided to take the risk and brought out the play with no particular flourish of trumpets and without a star as a pure matter of speculation. The critics were not overkind in their remarks, but the play developed into the big success of the New York season, and when it was decided to make up a second company for the road the author had his sweet revenge, for the woman chosen for the leading part in this No. 2 organization was the manager's wife, for whom it had been written.—Scrap Book.

Artificial Men—$500.

"I could duplicate you for $500," the speaker was surrounded by dapper skeletons, silvery surgical instruments, brilliant glass eyes, shapely artificial limbs the usual stock of a surgical dealer.

"Yes," he went on thoughtfully, "a pair of willow legs to replace yours could be made for $100. They would be full jointed, springed and tendoned.

"Artificial hands and arms would cost $125. My hands are wonderful mechanism. You can write and cut with them. One of my clients, a painter, paints good pictures with a false right hand.

"I'll make you for $25 a glass eye that will move automatically with your other one. When you swing to the left, the glass pupil swings in unison with the pupil of flesh, deceiving even sweethearts and wives.

"False ears cost $30, false noses $25, palates 10, windpipes $20, eardrums $15.

"No, I can't make false stomachs yet. But what's the use? Surgery has proved that man can live without a stomach."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

The Waltz.

In an article published in the Vienna Neue Freie Presse Dr. Ferdinand Scherber gives an interesting history of the waltz. The dance in its present form was introduced, he says, about the year 1785, but similar dances based on the same principle ("walzen," or "to turn") were popular many years before that time. On Nov. 17, 1786, a new opera by Vinzenz Martius, entitled "Una Cosa Rara," was performed in Vienna. In the closing scene of this opera a dance, which was called "Langsus," was introduced, and "this became the waltz, which soon invaded not only the public places, but the palaces, and became fashionable." In speaking of the early waltz compositions, the writer says: "The popularity of the waltz at that time may be judged by the fact that it penetrated the walls of the monasteries, intoxicated the ear of a Franciscan monk and inspired him to compose a quick time waltz, which was published in 1760."

As a Balance.

For more than a week the teacher had been giving lessons on the dog, and so when the inspector came down and chose that very subject there seemed every prospect of the class distinguishing itself on brilliant essays about our canine friends. Things were progressing quite satisfactorily, and the master was congratulating himself on the trouble he had taken, when, alas, a question was asked which made him tremble for the reputation of his scholars.

"Why does a dog hang his tongue out of his mouth?" asked the inspector.

"Yes, my boy?" he said to a bright looking lad who held up his hand while the light of genius was in his eye.

"Please, sir," cried the pupil, "it's to balance his tail!"

And the teacher groaned in anguish. —London Telegraph.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the news

The Miner and Tribune Farmer

$1.50 per year in advance.—Subscribe now

For Catarrh, let me send you free, just to prove merit, a trial size box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh remedy. It is a snow white cream, healing antiseptic balm that gives instant relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see. Address Dr. Shoop's, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers

Subscribe for the Miner.

Improper action of the kidneys causes backache, lumbago, rheumatism. "Pineules" is kidney remedy that will relieve these diseases. Pleasant to take and guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded "Relief in every dose." Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

Love versus Law.

By C. B. LEWIS.

Copyright, 1908, by E. C. Parcells.

They came face to face as they turned a bend in the rough and narrow trail leading up the Cumberland mountains to Laurel Cove, and both stopped and stared for half a minute before the young man raised his hat and excused his absentmindedness. The young woman blushed, stammered a reply and passed on, and in a minute the trees and bushes hid them from each other.

The one everybody for five miles around knew as Abe Goodman's daughter Tilda. The other had just appeared in the neighborhood, claiming to be a botanist and a naturalist, and had secured a temporary home at the cabin of Saul Markham. For the last two years Tilda had been down to Nashville, "bein' eddicated," as her father and mother put it, and was now teaching the dozen children of the mountaineers in the log schoolhouse which the young man had passed forty rods before meeting her.

Tilda had come from mountaineer stock. Her father was rough, uncouth and ignorant. Her mother was uneducated and plain. The girl had lived in poverty, surrounded by poverty, and yet she was like none of the rest. Nature had given her a good figure and a handsome face, and the time spent in the city had made, what the natives called, a lady of her. The astonishment of the young man, who had given his name as Arthur Griggs, was but natural.

The stranger who goes among the people of the southern mountains is from the outset a suspected man, and the first suspicion which rests on him is that he must be a revenue spy.

Revenue men have raided and destroyed scores of stills in the coves and ravines and sent scores and scores of moonshiners to the penitentiary, but other stills are brought in, and other men take the places of those who have fallen under the ban of the law. It was so thirty years ago; it is so today; it will be so thirty years hence. The mountaineer argues that he is a law unto himself. He argues that he has a right to live. He argues that where he has no market for his corn as corn he has a right to turn it into whisky to make a market. The government does not argue with him. It sends men into the mountains to break up his business and imprison him. The moonshiner works in secret. So does the government. He depends upon the honor of his neighbors not to give him away. The revenue men coax, threaten, bribe and work in every underhand way to get an advantage. The enmity is more bitter than in the personal feuds. When the mountaineer goes down to the towns, he is trailed about, cross questioned, made drunk, if possible, and his wife or his children are offered money to betray him.

When the revenue men send a spy up the mountains to nose out and report on stills, he takes his life in his hands. He may go as a buyer of timber or coal or iron lands, as a traveler, peddler or artist, as a fur buyer, preacher or newspaper man, but the shadow of death walks by his side until he has proved himself all right. In that case he is heard of again down in the lowlands. In the other case he is reported as missing.

A botanist and a naturalist from Harvard was what Griggs claimed to be, and he was taken into the cabin of the mountaineer without question. There was no undue curiosity about him. He was free to come and free to go. As the neighbors were introduced to him they seemed to accept him as Saul Markham had done. He walked about in contentment and slept in peace. He did not know that he never moved a hundred feet from the cabin door without being under surveillance; that every action was watched; that men whom he had never seen looked in on him when he slept; that other men gathered together in the laurel thickets and reported on him and discussed him.

Young Griggs shot squirrels and hares and gathered flowers and plants and sought to make friends with all. Among those plain and hospitable people it was an easy matter for him to bring about an acquaintanceship with Tilda. Two days after meeting her on the trail they knew each other. The girl was pleased when she saw admiration in the young man's eyes. She was pleased when he dared to flatter and to compliment. She knew little of the world and its hollowness. If the mountaineer said this or that, he meant it. She had to judge others by this standard.

It was only after the newcomer and Tilda were being talked about as lovers that the watch on Griggs was relaxed. He had set no time for departing, but after a month it was seen that his work was finished and that he was staying on account of the girl. Abe Goodman asked no questions of the young man, and the mother asked none of her daughter. Suspicious and distrustful as the mountaineers were they had been fooled. The newcomer was a revenue spy, working with the promise of a great reward. He had rehearsed his part for months before playing it. He had counted on everything but meeting Tilda. There had been admiration from the first, and love had soon followed. Within two weeks there had sprung up in his breast a conflict 'twixt love and duty, and it was for this reason he lingered.

He was not what he claimed to be, and yet he was the girl's superior in all ways. It was her ingenuousness and innocence that appealed to him. He had come to betray, and yet he could not do it. He loved, and yet he had failed to go further. More education and refinement, more contact with the world, and she would be a queen among women. Her ancestry—the impossible in the environments that had surrounded her for so many years and must have their due effects.

When a man trusts a woman, he has limits. When a woman trusts a man she has none. She is ready to give her whole life to him. Arthur Griggs knew that he had won the maiden's love, and it was for him to make a choice. Should he return and betray the stills hidden away in Laurel Cove and then disappear and be seen no more, or should he report that none existed and take away a mountain bride and the good will of the lowly people? Love carried the day. It was to the credit of human sentiment that it was so. But before this determination was reached the young man walked alone on the mountains. No one followed him this day. It was Sunday, and the mountaineers were smoking their pipes as they rested. Their suspicions had been lulled. They had kept their eyes open and whispered among themselves—whispered and smiled. On this day, as he walked under the giant chestnuts and made his way through the laurels, young Griggs came upon a man. The revenue force had grown impatient with his dilatory tactics and had sent an emissary to see and question him. The two talked for half an hour as they leaned against the trunk of a great tree at the edge of a thicket. When they separated, the revenue man knew that nothing further could be expected from the spy. He had shut his eyes to all but the song of love. It had been useless to talk to him of duty. He had come as a spy, but had sold the government out.

After the talk Griggs walked away a few rods and sat down on a rock from which he could see far down the side of the grim old mountain. He could count the cabins of the mountaineers scattered about, and he could look down into Beaver Cove and Halfway Cove and Halpin's Hamlet. It was a day of peace, with the smoke ascending as straight as an arrow and the birds singing and the squirrels chattering about him. He felt good. There was a burden off his mind and joy in his heart now that he had made his decision. In the evening he would see Tilda and tell her that he loved her. In the evening he would see her father and ask her hand in marriage. He was smiling as his eyes roved over the landscape beneath him when a step caused him to turn his head.

"Tilda, you here!" he cried as he sprang to his feet with the light of love in his eyes and his arms outstretched.

She drew herself up and waved him away.

"But, Tilda, what is it?"

She was pale, and hard lines had come into her face. The girl look was searched for in vain. There was suffering in her eyes, but determination in the compressed lips.

"I was in the thicket when you talked with that man—dad and I," she said at last. "Dad has gone for his rifle to shoot you like a dog. I am here to tell you to go."

"But if you heard us talking you know that I would not agree to what the man wanted."

"You came her as a spy. If you hadn't fallen in love with me you would have betrayed my own father. In love with me! I in love with a revenue spy! Go!"

"But listen, Tilda. If I came here under false pretenses I"—

"We are poor and humble," she interrupted as she drew her skirts away from him. "We are plain and uneducated. We have nothing before us—nothing but this to look forward to. You are learned, and you may be rich. You have the whole world before you, and you know how to be happy, but the meanest, lowest one among our men is a king beside you! Go!"

He paused for ten seconds in hopes to see her face soften, but it was like stone. She motioned again, and he went. In five minutes he was out of sight down the side of the mountain, and rough old Abe Goodman was standing over his weeping daughter and saying to her in sympathetic tones:

"Thar, thar, little one, don't cry. The Lawd made women to b'ar crosses and to stand trubble, and if you'll jest look up to him he'll bring you into smooth waters and send along a feller of a husband wuth forty hosses and kerridges."

A Little Indefinite.

A prominent New York lawyer says that in his earlier professional days he was glad to expand his slender income by bill collecting. On one occasion he had a bill against a man who incidentally has since achieved a success which puts him beyond the necessity of such an indefinite statement as he made on that occasion. The young lawyer found him with his feet propped upon his desk, while he gazed dreamily at the ceiling through a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"But, really, sir, I must insist that you give me some definite idea as to when you will settle," the lawyer said after having been gently rebuffed.

The author consented to lower his eyes and to wave his pipe languidly.

"Why, certainly, sir, though these seems to me to be a rather unnecessary commotion about this trifle," he drawled. "I will pay the bill as soon as I think of it after receiving the money which a publisher will pay me in case he accepts the novel which I will write and send him just as soon as I feel in an energetic mood after a really good idea for a plot has occurred to me."—Harper's Weekly.

A Limited Habit.

"I see that some of our scientists claim that death is largely a matter of habit, depending upon thought and all that," he said.

"Nonsense," she replied. "Did you ever know any one who was in the habit of dying?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing the those crowned with fruition.—Goldsmith.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy

R. G. TERRY.

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh
Salt or
Smoked -
MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY. Smethport, Pa.

An Unintentional Joke.

An English writer tells the story of his first sixpence, which he earned in an unpremeditated joke. His father had been for twenty-seven years engaged in a suit in chancery and had just gained his cause. The expenses of the suit, however, had swallowed up the entire estate, the residue being merely 3s. 6d. The writer says:

My father ranged the seven sixpences on our breakfast table.

"My boy," said he, "see what comes of going to law in Great Britain! Your mother has told you that I have won my suit in chancery?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, then, look! That is all I get of it," and he pointed grimly at the sixpences.

I opened wide my eyes. "All you get of the whole suit?" I echoed with a puzzled air, convinced that a suit in chancery was composed, as other suits are, of a coat, waistcoat and trousers. "Why, papa, those are only the buttons!"

It was this deplorable joke that earned me my sixpence, for my father, laughing, tossed me one across the table, and I rushed off with it like a dog pelted with a bone.

The Blacksmith's Sleeves.

An aged woman was standing before a beautiful picture of a blacksmith in a local department store. The picture was a remarkable painting and had evoked so much praise that hundreds of visitors thronged around it. The figure was that of a village blacksmith standing at his forge, which was blazing with a light that illuminated the whole room. The woman came to the canvas with several younger women, apparently her children. All stood with rapt attention before the work of art, contemplating the light effects and the beautiful shadows. One of the younger women asked of the elderly one what she thought of the picture.

"Well, it's all right but the sleeves," she replied. "I lived in the country a long time, and I know something that the painter with all his knowin' didn't know. That blacksmith's sleeves are rolled out. Now, they don't wear them that way. A blacksmith always turns his sleeves in so the flyin' sparks won't catch."—Indianapolis News.

New York's First Graveyard.

The first graveyard in New York city was established in the year 1633. It was situated on the west side of what is now Broadway above Morris street. The oldest grave of which there is a record is that of a child, marked with a sandstone slab, with a skull, crossbones and winged hour glass and the following inscription:

W. C.
Here Lyes the Body
Of Richurd Church-
Er Son Of Willm.
M Churcher Who
Died The 5 Of April
1681 Of Age 5 Years
And 5 Months.

MAN NOT BORN TO READ.

That Is the Reason He Is Compelled to Wear Glasses.

Many of the commonest physical defects of civilized man are due to an imperfect adaptation of his body to new conditions of life. Nearsightedness is an example.

C. W. Saleeby, the English writer on scientific subjects, says that all the talk about the degeneration of the human eye is "undiluted nonsense." The truth is that "man was not born to read." An instrument made for seeing long distances is forced to accommodate itself to little marks and signs on a piece of paper. Says Dr. Saleeby, "The eye which we have inherited from our ancestors is one that is used without effort at long range, merely containing within it an apparatus enabling it at the cost of nervous and muscular effort to be used at short range."

The general need of glasses arises from the necessity in modern life of the use of the eyes at short distances. If the eye were naturally focused upon near objects the advantage, as Dr. Saleeby admits, would be great. However, he continues, "If one started to make a list of the bodily characters of man which the amazing development of his intelligence has rendered more or less appropriate to his needs than originally one would require a volume."

Coughs and colds contracted this season of the year should have immediate attention. Bees laxative cough syrup, contains Honey and Tar and is unequaled for horseness, croup and coughs. Pleasant to take; mothers endorse it; children like to take it. Contains no opiates. Moves the bowels. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Fine Fall Millinery.

For all the latest creations in fall and winter millinery you should see my stock. The very finest materials and best style is used in all my headgear.

CARRIE REILLY CLARK.

Nice hand picked apples at Cornwell's. C. Young, Jr.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

OF KEATING TOWNSHIP FOR THE YEAR 1906.

F. A. Gallup, Treasurer, in account with Keating Township Road Duplicate, for year 1906:

Dr.		
To amt. of Road Duplicate Bond	$1544 13	
To amt. error on Duplicate Bond	3 03	
To amt. received from Co. Treasurer Bond	531 75	
To amt. received from Coll. Farley bond	388 00	
To amt. received from McGill's bondsmen bond	287 10	
To amt. received from ex-Coll Bray bond	8 83	$2718 03
Cr.		
By paid on bonds	1500 00	
By paid interest on bonds	140 85	
By paid commission on $1,640.86 @ 2%	32 82	
By paid 2% commission allowed taxpayers on bond	30 18	
By turned over to Collector Farley for collection	496 44	
By due Keating township to balance	602 74	2718 03
Dr.		
To amt. of duplicate special	1541 18	
To amt. of error on duplicate special	3 03	
To amt. received from co. treasurer special	530 58	
To amt. received from Coll. Farley special	388 00	
To amt. received from McGill's bondsmen special	287 10	
To amt. received from ex-Coll. Bray	8 33	5711 80
Cr.		
By amount paid on judgments	621 28	
By amount paid commission on $621.28 @ 2%	12 42	
By 2% allowed taxpayers on bond	30 18	
By amount turned over to Coll. Farley for collection	496 39	
By amount due Keating Twp to balance	1541 53	2711 80
Dr		
To amount of duplicate road fund per capita	937 80	
To amount of work tax collected cash	122 77	
To amount received from co. treasurer road fund	1051 70	
To amount received from O. T. Chase auto fine	9 80	
To amount receive from ex-Supervisor Brown road fund	23 58	
To due Treasurer Gallup from road fund	1615 01	4036 83
Cr.		
By paid for work on road	725 28	
By paid for freight and material	609 27	
By paid for stationery and printing	101 13	
By paid road master's services	532 05	
By paid on old bills	372 98	
By paid secretary's salary	100 00	
By paid auditor	4 00	
By paid town clerk	6 00	
By paid justice fees	3 00	
By paid supervisor expenses	7 93	
By paid for two new bridges	215 00	
By paid for new tools and burned machines	425 20	
By paid commission on $3,430.42 @ 2%	68 41	
By amount turned over to Coll. Farley for collection	568 10	4036 83

A. G. Farley, Collector, in account with Keating Township Road Duplicate 1905.

Dr.		
To bal. due Keating twp, last auditors report bond	496 01	
To collected on exonerations bond	1 87	
To bal. due Keating twp, last auditors report special	297 02	
To collected on exonerations special	1 87	597 77
Cr.		
By exoneration on bond and special	87 97	
By amt. paid to Treasurer Gallup	397 70	
By commission on $397.76 @ 4%	18 39	
By amt. due Keating Township bond and special to balance	193 05	597 77
Dr. for year 1906.		
To amount of duplicate road bond 1906	486 44	
To amount of duplicate road special 1906	486 39	
To amount of duplicate road fund	1212 74	2184 97
Cr.		
By amount returned to co. commissioners from road duplicate year 1906	25 43	
By amount paid to Treasurer Gallup bond	215 82	
By amount paid to Treasurer Gallup special	215 88	
By amount paid to Treasurer Gallup road fund	105 40	
By commission on $561,11 @ 4%	29 58	
By due Keating township to balance	1532 87	2184 97

A. R. Cory, John D. Abbey and M. S. Comes, Supervisors, in account with Keating Township for 1906

Dr.		
To amount of work duplicate road	3088 29	3088 29
Cr.		
By amount collected by Treasurer Gallup	422 77	
By amount turned over to Collector Farley for coll.	614 14	
By amount taxes worked	2051 38	3088 29
RESOURCES.		
By bal. due from Coll. Farley less exonerations and commissions	1532 87	
By bal. due in Treasurer Gallup's hands	826 12	
By amt. due from County Treasurer road fund	108 89	
By amt. due from County Treasurer road special	95 88	
By amt. due from County Treasurer road bond	95 88	
Liabilities over resources to balance	948 89	3608 29
LIABILITIES.		
To amt. of outstanding orders	17 55	
To amt. of outstanding bonds and interest	1540 00	
To amt. of outstanding judgments	1948 09	
To amt. of outstanding bills ex-Supervisor Miller	180 05	
To amt new bills rendered M. S. Comes expense	3 54	3608 29

We, the Auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts and vouchers of Treasurer F. A. Gallup and Collector A. G. Farley and Supervisors A. R. Cory, J. D. Abbey and M. S. Comes of Keating township, do find them as above stated.

Witness our hands and seals this 21st day of March A. D. 1907.

F. L. BROOKHAM (Seal)
S. D. CRAWFORD (Seal)
F. B. DIGEL (Seal)

Attest: P. H. MCARON, Town Clerk.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of Administration on the estate of David Howard, late of Ceres township, McKean county, State of Pennsylvania, deceased have been duly issued to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make settlement thereof without delay, and all persons having claim against said estate are requested to present the same to

ROY D. HOWARD,
Shinglehouse, Pa.
HENRY F. HOWARD,
Ceres, N. Y., R. F. D. No. 1

March 21, 1907.

Hurried meals, lack of exercise are the main cause of dyspepsia. A Rings Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal aids digestion, improves the appetite. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, Pa.; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

The Man Who Works

every day, out in the cold, rough weather—fine, snowy, blowy, rainy, can get protection that protects him against the blasts and sting of winter weather.

Winter is not a supposition, although late in coming, will be here and may stay late.

All we want to do is to impress on your mind for future reference that we have Lambs' Wool Coats, —Fur Gloves, outside and inside—and all the clothing that the outdoor man is liable to want.

Not forgetting that the man who works inside needs work clothes too—that we have.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

Dr. Sheffield's

Anti Septic
Creme Dentifrice
THE ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE
Used by the Elite of the World Since 1850

Dr. Sheffield's Tooth Powder put up conveniently for Tourists.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Government guarantee—Serial 1183.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA.

In good, reliable companies

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gordon & Richmond.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.

Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN, JOHN FORREST
Hamlin & Forrest

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, Notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Sherman,

PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 187 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 401.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.

—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D., C. M.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

G. E. Benninghoff.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.

Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.

Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfactory guaranteed.

Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

DR. PIERCE
TREATS
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Diseases.
100 Main St. BRADFORD, PA
Over Fischer's Grocery.

C. M. COLEGROVE
COUNTY SURVEYOR
SMETHPORT PENNA
Office at residence, 406 W. King St.

Hotels.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.

This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.

This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

The Lindholm Co.

Special Values in Easter Wearables.

Shirt Waists

Suits and Jackets

Dress Skirts

Walking Skirts

Long and Short Kid Gloves

Long or Short Silk Gloves

Plain and Fancy Hosiery

Plain and Fancy Neckwear

Very New Fancy Ribbons

Shoes for Ladies, Misses, and Children

Shoes for Men and Boys.

The Lindholm Co.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Mar. 29, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Two more days of Lent.

—L. K. Hogarth has a china sale on. See his ad.

—Basket ball to-night. Portville vs. Smethport.

—The first thunderstorm of the season occurred Saturday.

—A brick making plant will be erected at Kushequa this summer.

—The auditor's report for Keating township appears in this issue.

—"Are You a Mason" is booked to appear at the Lyceum in the near future.

—Seven cases of small-pox are reported in Charleston township, Tioga county.

—A new ad announcing the Easter opening appears for Mrs. A. E. Hinman this week.

—"Paris Grey" suits, a new creation in the suit line are advertised by Wm. Monheimer.

—Some good things in Easter wearables are advertised in The Lindholm Co.'s space this week.

—Friday was an exceedingly warm day for March. At 2 p. m. the thermometers registered 79 degrees.

—Miss Florence Hammond of Belmont, N. Y., is engaged as trimmer at the millinery store of Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

—Herman Dumjohn who has been confined to his home on Mill street with sickness, has returned to his work on the Shawmut.

—A shirt factory from Bowmansville, N. Y., is looking for a location. It might be well for the Board of Trade to look up the concern.

—The Woman's Auxiliary of St. Luke's church will give a supper and apron sale in the parish house on Thursday, April 11, at 5:30 o'clock.

—E. W. Jones and family are moving into the Gallup house on State street. This property was recently purchased by Mr. Jones from the B. C. Gallup estate of Port Allegany.

—The State Forestry Commission has secured five acres of land in Tioga county, near Wellsboro, and this spring will plant 3,000,000 small pines, besides seeds for other valuable timber. This is a step in the right direction.

—Miss Daisy Mildrew, a telephone operator at St. Marys, was found dead in a mill pond near that city last Saturday morning. It is the general opinion that the young lady, while insane, wandered into the pond and was drowned.

—Bell Bros., the big department store of Olean, have a large advertisement in this issue calling attention to their Easter opening.

—The roads are in a horrible condition. Strenuous methods will have to be used on the streets if they are kept in as good condition as in past years.

—A number of the workmen of the Haines' Flint Bottle works have secured employment in the Hazelhurst factory while the repairs are being made at the local plant.

—Mrs. Allan Park just received a nice little check of $60 for four weeks disability claim from the National Protective Legion in which she carries a double rate policy.

—Leon Hazen, a well-known Smethport young glassworker, died this morning after a brief illness of catarrh of the stomach. He is survived by his widow, father, two sisters and a brother.

—Mrs. George W. Lane, a widely known and highly respected resident of Sawyer City died at the Bradford hospital last Friday afternoon, following a surgical operation which she underwent on Thursday. She was 88 years of age.

—The Round Table Club meets next Monday evening in the parlors of the Baptist church at 8 o'clock. Subject, "Government Control of Railroads." Discussion opened by G. B. Mayo and followed by members of the Club.

—About the happiest man in town is A. W. Colegrove of East Main street. The cause of that exceedingly pleasant smile he is wearing is the arrival of an eight and one-half-pound boy at his home yesterday morning. Here's another recruit for the Bucktails.

—The marriage of Mr. Claude Hackett, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hackett of this place, and Miss Olga Omundson of Mt. Jewett, which occurred at Portville, Dec. 24, 1906, has just been announced. The young couple will make their future home in Port Allegany.

—Stephen C. Sartwell, an aged and respected citizen of Port Allegany, who was also well known in this place, died at his home in that borough on Monday of last week, at the age of 67 years. He was born in Farmers Valley and nearly his entire life was passed in McKean county. For 23 years he was owner of the Sartwell Hotel at Port Allegany. He is survived by his widow, two children and three sisters.

—A very interesting contest was held at the high school last Thursday afternoon. Its purpose was to determine the essayist and orator for the coming contest with Eldred. Nine essays and four orations were given. The judges were Dr. John Clark, Rev. W. A. Harris and Mrs. S. D. Weaver. Their decision gave first honor in the essay to Hazel McAllister and first honor in the oration to Ralph Herzog. This completes the team that will compete against the representatives of the Eldred High School on April 12 in the Lyceum. Smethport's representatives are as follows: Debaters, James McGowan and Wallace Bissett. Reciter, Irma Wells. Essayist, Hazel McAllister. Orator, Ralph Herzog.

—Final preparations are being made for St. Elizabeth's annual fair which is to be held next week. They have arranged for four nights of pleasure to say nothing of the host of good things which will be on sale. Prepare to be on hand.

—On the night of December 15th last, E. L. Foster a Pennsylvania railroad fireman, disappeared and although it was thought he had been knocked from the engine into the river at Portville the mystery remained unsolved until last Friday when his body was discovered in the river near White House.

—A complete roster of the Bradford Interstate team up to date is as follows: Curtis, catcher; Kerwin, Hazelton, Bussey and Davey, pitchers; Foster, first base and manager; Harrell, second base; Miller, short stop; McDermott, third base; Smith, Bartholomew, Hall, Monyhan, Theetge and Jewell, outfielders.—Era.

—Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., of Bradford, has commenced libel suits against four papers in Lebanon, Pa. They are the News, Times, Reporter and Courier, and he asks damages to the amount of $10,000 in each case. The alleged libel grew out of certain articles published by these papers during the recent gubernatorial campaign.

—The surveyors for the Shawmut railroad, who have been running lines for the best place to cross the Pennsylvania railroad and connect up the Coryville and State Line ends, finished up their work last Saturday. It is probable that an overhead crossing will be made near the state line, the road going up the west side of the river.—Eldred Eagle.

—Clermont has three cases of diphtheria. Three children of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Reed of that place are stricken with the dread disease. A quarentine has been placed upon the home, antitoxin used and every precaution has been resorted to prevent the spread of the disease. Dr. Chadwick, the attending physician, informed us yesterday that one of the children was very sick, while the two others were rapidly recovering.

To Codify School Laws.

The joint Committees on Education of the Legislature have unanimously recommended the passage of a resolution to appoint a commission to examine the State school laws and recommend a code that is up to date. This is because our laws are antiquated for the most part and progress is due to special legislation.

The practical basis of the present public school laws is the act of 1834, which is due more to Thaddeus Stevens than to anyone else. This act has been slightly amended, but most of the subsequent legislature has been by special act. Since the new constitution it has been chiefly for cities according to class. Much good has been accomplished, but we are far behind some of the larger States of the Union, especially in the north, in putting our school system on a modern basis.

The situation is complicated by the very generous aid which the State gives to the public schools. No one denies that this appropriation is just, or that it should be increased, but in the distribution there are inequalities. Some townships get enough to pay teachers small salaries and still leave a balance for other purposes. Other townships have high local school taxes and are not able to support the schools as they wish. Any effort to make a more equitable distribution has so far failed except in the minor degree. The effort to raise the minimum wages of teachers is well enough in itself, but it will work hardships upon some townships which have a large population, especially of foreign children.

The idea of a commission of six added to the State Superintendent to carefully examine all the laws of the various States, to study existing conditions and recommend new legislation so that there shall be a definate and reasonable code, seems to be eminently desirable. Penna. needs the information. The education of children is almost the highest duty of the State, and we trust that the resolution will be passed.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Salesmen Wanted.

Bright, hustling young man with own team to represent manufacturing company. Address Fairfax Refining Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. T. Ingalls is at the Wright Hotel to-day and this evening fitting and taking orders for corsets and tailored underwear.

WANTED—Logs of all kinds. Hemlock lath bolts cut 50 inches delivered to our mill. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Before buying a suit case or traveling bag call and look over my stock. CHARLES LEMMLER.

Many goods at cost at store of D. C. Young to reduce stock for spring goods. Call and look over bargains.

For suit cases and traveling bags, the best at reasonable prices, go to CHARLES LEMMLER.

All fall and winter goods sold for cost for the next thirty days at D. C. Young's store.

House for Rent.

All modern improvements. Inquire at Grand Central Hotel.

Cut and potted flowers for Easter at Brasted's.

Hand painted postal and Easter cards at Hogarth's.

Cut and posted flowers for flowers at Brasted's.

Personal Mention.

B. J. Cummins was in Bradford over Sunday.

Mrs. John Clark was a Buffalo visitor Monday.

Mrs. O. H. Barker visited in Bradford last Friday.

Sandford L. Fry left this morning for New York City.

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett was a visitor in Bradford Tuesday.

Attorney H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was in town Monday.

Mrs. W. A. Young returned Monday from a visit in Bradford.

Mrs. Lawrence Scanlon of Colegrove visited relatives in town Tuesday.

Mrs. F. H. Hungiville returned Monday from a week's stay in Buffalo.

Mrs. S. S. McClafferty and children of Hazelhurst were in town Saturday.

County Commissioner W. M. Thomas of Ridgway had business in town Tuesday.

Miss Alice Daly is home from Villa Marie convent at Erie for the Easter vacation.

Miss Edna Keenan of New York City is a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Keenan.

Miss Beulah Holder has returned from an extended stay with relatives in Port Allegany and Olean.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Davis of Bradford were called to Smethport Monday by the death of Mrs. I. J. Hannold.

Mrs. John Blake of Eldred, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Backus, has returned to her home.

Miss Blanche McDade of Neworf and Miss Sue Larkey of DuBois were pleasant callers at this office last Friday.

Miss Lucile M. Hinman of the Edinboro Normal School returned to her work Monday after spending a short vacation here.

A. W. McCoy of Meadville, deputy factory inspector and publisher of the Meadville Gazette-Times, was a caller at this office last Friday.

The News—No Pure Drug Cough Cure Laws would be needed, if all Cough Cures were like Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure is—and has been for 20 years. The National Law now requires that if any poisons enter into a cough mixture, it must be printed on the label or package. For this reason mothers and others should insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. No poison marks on Dr. Shoop's labels—and none in the medicines, else it must by law be on the label. And it is not only safe, but it is said to be by those who know it best, a truly remarkable cough remedy. Take no chance, particularly with your children. Insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Compare carefully the Dr. Shoop package with others and see. No poison mark there! You can always be on the safe side by demanding Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Simply refuse to accept any other. Sold by all dealers.

In using a cough syrup why not get the best? One that comes recomended is Bees Laxative Cough Syrup, contains Honey and Tar and is superior to other cough syrups in many ways. Children always like it because it contains no opiates, is a laxative and is guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money returned Try it. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, Pa. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Bradford Institute of Osteopathy

Treats all diseases and deformities. Specialties—rheumatism, asthma, liver, stomach, kidney and female troubles. Dr. McClaren is a regular graduate and one of the oldest practitioners. Will pay car fare of out of town patients. Eloskey building, Bradford, Pa.

Hay for Sale.

A quantity of good hay for sale; also would like to rent or lease my farm. Mrs. Carolina Washburn, East Smethport, Pa.

Notice to Dog Owners.

All dogs must be tagged by April 1. If not, they will be disposed of according to law. Tags can be purchased from EDGAR W. STRONG, Burgess.

For Sale or Rent.

Store room and dwelling house. Good location, corner Mechanic and Mill streets. Inquire of Wm. Hafner, Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.

An incubator and brooder for sale. Inquire of F. W. Backus, East Main St., Smethport, Pa.

A suit case or a traveling bag makes an excellent gift at any time. My line is complete and the best. CHARLES LEMMLER.

WM. MONHEIMER'S

Another Snow Storm

Is not apt to interfere with the approaching spring weather. So take off your winter clothes and get into one of our latest style

PARIS GREY SUITS

"fit for a King to wear." An entirely

NEW CREATION

in the Suit line. Must be seen —and worn—to be appreciated. All sizes.

$12.00 to $18.00.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1, $1.50 & $2

McCALL PATTERNS 10c and 15c

FRY & COMES.

...EASTER FINERY...

It's the new things of the ready-to-wear sort to which we direct your attention to-day. Only three shopping days left now before Easter and you know what a rush the last day brings. Better attend to your wants to-day or to-morrow. The stocks are complete in every detail and it will save you much time and worry to know just where to go with your want list.

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

Tailored Skirts 3.75 to 17.50
Habutai Silk Waists 2.50 to 4.50
Net Waists 3.75 to 4.50
Lawn Waists 50c to 3.75
Feather Boas 2.00 to 10.50
2 Clasp Kid Gloves $1 to $2
16 Button Suede Gloves 3.50
20 Button Silk Gloves $1 to $2
Glove Fitting Corsets $1 to $2
Hosiery & Underwear, all prices

Fancy Ribbons 10c to 75c
Pattern Veils 50c to $2,
Neckwear 10c to 2.50
Belts 10c to $1.
Muslin Underwear 25c to 3.50

MEN'S WEAR.

Monarch Shirts $1 to $2
Arrow Brand Collars 2 for 25c
Neckwear 10c to $1
Underwear and Hosiery all prics

FRY & COMES.

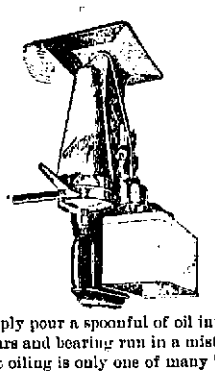
HOLMES & GILFILLAN

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

LUMBER YARD

If you are builoing or repairing come and see our stock of Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shingles, Lime, Brick. Cement. Etc., Etc.

Holmes & Gilfillan.



CHUCK THE OIL CAN.

Nothing is dirtier than dripping oil. Ordinary cream separators use oil only once, then let it drop away. **But Sharples Tubular Cream Separators are different**—they use the same oil over and over and don't drip a drop. If you have been using an oil can chuck it and get a Tubular, for

TUBULARS DON'T NEED IT

Tubular gears and bearing are wholly enclosed and entirely self oiling—**not an oil hole on the Dairy Tubular.** To oil the Dairy Tubular, simply pour a spoonful of oil into the gear case once or twice a week that's all. Gears and bearing run in a mist of oil thrown up by the revolving gears. Perfect oiling is only one of many Tubular advantages.

J. W. WAITE, **Smethport, Pa.**

Easter Opening.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23rd.

On account of my increase of business have enlarged my store and wish to solicit inspection of the latest novelties in spring goods.

Full Line of Vantine's Toilet Articles.

Cut Flowers and Potted Plants for Easter

MRS. MARY L. BISETT.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS 10 and 15c

U All No After Dinner Mints 10c and 25c.

BELLE MEAD SWEETS

BON BONS JUST ARRIVED STRICTLY FRESH CHOCOLATES

McCoy's Drug Store

Next to Postoffice.